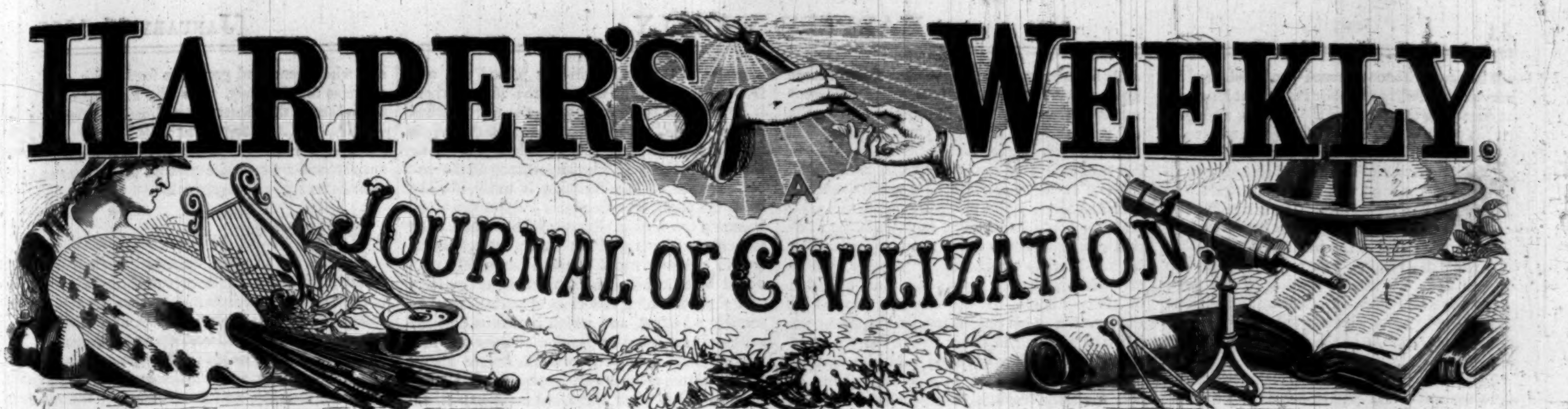

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OUR CITY GOVERNMENT.

IT seems to be admitted on all hands that our City Government approaches the end of its career. The machine is confessed by all to be so absurd, so contemptible, and so inefficient, that no one attempts to bolster it up, or to prolong its rickety existence.

Various substitutes are proposed, various alterations suggested; for instance, reduction of the number of the members—subordination of the departments to a central head—subjection of the Police to a Commission or Board. It being admitted that the thing can not be made any worse than it is, it is highly probable that some of the proposed amendments would make it better; but before definitively determining the form of the new government, let us have a clear idea of the true cause of this total breakdown of the old one. Before fixing on a remedy, it is always well to have a precise notion of the exact nature of the disease.

The real cause of the collapse of our city government is not to be found in any particular deficiency of the present charter, nor even in all its defects combined. True, the councilmen are a mere mob; true, the heads of the departments are as lawless as Eastern pachas; true, there is no subordination nor responsibility any where; but the real cause—the *causa causans*, as the logicians say—lies in the fact, that our citizens have not *the public spirit or public virtue necessary to carry on this form of government.*

We mean precisely what we say. We mean *public* spirit and *public* virtue. We are far from asserting that the citizens of New York are deficient in *private* spirit or *private* virtue. On the contrary, we entertain no idea that there was ever got together, in any age or in any country, any metropolitan population comparable to our own for courage, spirit, intelligence, activity, religion, or morality, in all the private affairs of life. Our citizens are, as a mass, better educated, have more self-respect, more moral and religious principle, than an equal population of any city that exists; and having made this admission, we repeat the assertion, that they have neither the public spirit nor the public virtue necessary to carry on our form of government.

What is our form of government? Simple question! Why it begins, of course, with universal suffrage, and ends with the President of the United States; and between the broad basis of our system and its glittering apex there is a host of functionaries—representatives, senators, governors, and high-mightinesses of all sorts and descriptions. So again, in our city system, we have a huge voting population, councilmen, aldermen, and a mayor at their head; and we flatter ourselves that this is our government—our form of government.

Nothing of the kind. The government of this country, whether in whole or in part—the authority, the force that gives it direction and will—lies in sundry political organizations, called conventions, committees, clubs, primary meetings—entirely unknown to the law, entirely unauthorized by the law in any shape, but which, practically, completely control the law. You will not find their names alluded to in any statute nor in any constitution; but there is hardly a statute of general interest or a constitution which does not bear the traces of their action.

A President of the United States is to be chosen. The nomination is effected by the operation of two or three conventions, which sift out all but two or three names; and so it has happened, on more than one occasion, that the people have been compelled to vote for and to elect a person whom at least five-sixths of them had never heard named before the day of nomination. The election is then taken charge of by committees, clubs, unions, all over the country. Here, during the last canvass, a committee is well known to have sat at the New York Hotel, which devoted its efforts to secure the October result in Pennsylvania, and thus claims—and, for aught we know, rightly claims—to have determined the general result.

So in our municipal affairs; the whole force and vitality, the directing will, the motive power, resides in what are called the *primary meetings*—meetings held in the wards to elect members of conventions which make nominations, and which nominations are, three times out of four, owing to the usual predominance of one political party, precisely equivalent to elections. They nominate and they elect our municipal legislators; and thus control us completely in all our dearest municipal interests. Taxation—street cleaning—street lighting—police—parks—are all determined by the nominees of these primary meetings.

Now these primary meetings are no more known to the law than the *soirées dansantes* of the Fifth Avenue, or the *fêtes champêtres* of Fort Washington. They are mere collections of private individuals. Who can gainsay their right to come together? Their declared object is to meet for the very laudable purpose of taking an interest in public affairs, and doing their duty as good citizens. Unfortunately, as Mr. Webster said, "the character of the war hardly comes up to the sounding language of the manifesto." These primary meetings, so modest in exterior, so powerful in reality, so humble in their name, so influential in their operation, are really and in truth nothing but organized conspiracies to defeat all the ends of good government, and to make the city administration a mere machine for plunder and corruption.

How are they so? and why have they become so? This brings us back to where we started; and the question can only be answered by stating the cause to be—the deficiency of our citizens in public spirit and public virtue.

Those of us who have known this great city for twenty-five years know that the present state of things, as above depicted, has grown up during that period. Twenty-five years ago, the best, the most intelligent, the most active men of the city, of all classes and vocations, did not hesitate to devote hours, and days, and nights of their time, without hope or desire of remuneration, to the affairs of the city. They attended the ward meetings, they served on the nominating committees, they regarded the public interests as a matter of high magnitude, which called for a certain amount of sacrifice of private interests, and that regularly, uniformly—every month, every year. They felt that, though mere private citizens, a portion of the great trust of government was confided to them, and they endeavored faithfully to discharge it. This is what we call public spirit and public virtue.

How is it now? It is notorious that the control of the primary meetings has passed completely out of the hands of men of property and intelligence, of men identified with the industry of the city—the men who make, who create the splendid prosperity of this metropolis—and that it has all centered in a set of individuals who follow politics as a trade. Individually, we know nothing and care nothing about their character—they may be good or bad men. But good or bad, it is very certainly true that they look on politics as a mere business; they think it just as legitimate to make money out of a contract or an appointment as a naval officer does to draw his pay, or a lawyer to receive his fees, and they pursue the business with a view to their own private emolument. They regard the public, with John Wilkes, as a goose, and consider him a fool who does not pluck it.

How is it with the other class who have thus surrendered the governing power of the city? for observe, they have not been ousted from their position. They are just as influential, just as much respected, whenever they please to exert their influence, as they ever were. There has been no ostracism. There has been, it is true, much talk of *shells* in our city politics, but no shells of banishment have been cast against our active and industrious citizens, who manage with so much vigor and success every thing that they are not above touching. But look at their total indifference to public affairs. The rich banker, financier, merchant, or retired man of fortune, whose father was not too busy, too proud, too indifferent, or too lazy to spend his evenings at a ward meeting or at Old Tammany, is now reclining on the luxurious couches of the Fifth Avenue, or with his daughter at the Academy of Music. He scolds, and grumbles, and denounces his taxes, and swears at the streets, but he has no more to do with the real government of the city, and takes no more interest in it than if he lived in Japan. And so it is with us all. The active mechanic is busy with a scheme for a contract or the extension of a patent. The lawyer is wearied with his trial of causes, and with trying to educe order from chaos at the City Hall. We all, by common consent, look on public matters as too vulgar or too laborious, or, more than all, as too unprofitable—"they don't pay." And thus the activity, the intellectual vigor, the experience, the disinterestedness, and the ability of the city voluntarily retires from all participation in public matters, and surrenders the absolute control to men inferior in every proper recommendation, and who follow politics just as any other money-making business. This is what we mean by a total want of public spirit and public virtue.

It seems, in fact, that in ordinary times, with a generation reveling in prosperity, untaught by the lessons or the warnings of adversity, it is altogether too much to expect that they will undertake the laborious, profitless, thankless task of superintending public affairs to the neglect and detriment of their private concerns. True, in the long run, it might be the best policy, even in a pecuniary point of view; but the future is too generally sacrificed to the present; such is the history of public and of private affairs. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," is a very pretty maxim. But when done into English, it means that people are to abandon or neglect their private affairs, leave their wives and their children, devote their time to the public at the expense of pleasure, money, and health, and get for it neither honor, profit, nor thanks. This is a pretty high price, and our people do not mean to pay it if they can help it. They take care of their private affairs and let the city interests take care of themselves. Now this may be all very shrewd, sagacious, money-making—very excusable or very laudable; but it can not be called public spirit or public virtue.

Is the matter, then, hopeless? Must we resign ourselves in despair to anarchy and plunder? Not at all. Other cities are governed, well governed, a great deal better governed than New York, the citizens of which have not a whit more public spirit, and bestow no more attention on public affairs than those of New York. London and Paris, either of them, is as much better governed than New York as New York is better governed than Constantinople. What is the reason? Why, other principles are appealed to, other sentiments invoked, other *interests* called out, and this is the gist of the matter.

If the great body of our active citizens, merchants, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, will not take any interest in public affairs—if they will not attend committees, or conventions, or clubs, there is an end of our present system. It is all a delusion to try to patch it up. You may make it a little better, possibly a little worse, but the essence of the evil still remains; viz., a government of official agents elected for very short terms by wholly irresponsible bodies, which have themselves no interest in an honest, efficient administration of government; for, observe that the law which wholly ignores the existence of these primary meetings most ingeniously plays into their hands by a system of popular elections, so extensive and so frequent as to secure for them perpetual vitality. As soon as one election is over, they prepare for the next. Thus we have officials responsible to nobody, elected by nobody, and changing every year. This is the precise character of our system; and as long as that remains, whether the officials are nominated by the mayor or elected by the people, whether few or many, things will remain pretty much as they are; we shall be governed not by "honest, faithful, capable" public servants, but by a set of remorseless harpies, who think it neither harm nor shame to fill their pockets out of the public coffers.

The remedy is simple, and there is but one. If the public virtue of the citizen has given out, the *interest* of the official must be appealed to; his true substantial interest must be aroused; and this can only be effected by increasing the tenure of his office. Identify his hopes, his expectations, his position with his office; make him feel that his real interest is not to rob or to connive at robbery, but that his true interest, as his true duty, is to defend and guard the public interests; and that so long as this duty is discharged, he shall be safe from removal. Make this understood from the head of every department to the man who makes the fires; make the office-holder comprehend that his remaining in office depends not on some irresponsible committee, but on the faithful discharge of his duty. The thing is not hopeless; not at all. Nothing in itself right is hopeless with a population so quick-witted, in the main so desirous of right, and so susceptible to new impressions and ideas as ours. In fact, the germ of the idea is already introduced in the good-behavior tenure of the members of the police corps. Follow out the same idea; elect fewer officers; elect less frequently; give those who are elected a reasonable permanence in their offices; trample under foot the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils," in relation to civil affairs as absurd as it is demoralizing, fit only for the banditti who govern us, and for us blockheads who are governed by them. In this way strip the primary meetings of the power which they only derive from our eternally recurring elections, and the revolution we call for is effected.

Until this is done, nothing is done. You may tinker here and cobble there; increase this man's responsibility, and diminish the power of that; create boards, and curtail councilmen. It will avail nothing. So long as the office-holders are, in truth, elected by irresponsible bodies, and perpetually changed by a system of elections recurring as often as they do now, the system must be totally inadequate for the protection of life, liberty, or property. No new city charter will be worth a button that does not recognize and establish the principle of the INCREASED PERMANENCE OF OFFICIAL TENURE.

THE CHARACTER ASSASSINS.

SINCE the institution, by the Old Man of the Mountain, of the Assassins, when those emissaries of murder prowled secretly every where in the court, the camp, and the Church, ready to plunge the dagger at the bidding of the mercenary demon, their master, into the noblest hearts of Europe and the East, there have been no such faithful followers of the order, and none so terrible as the assassins of our day, who ply their dreadful trade in our very midst. These modern assassins, like their early predecessors, choose the highest mark for their aim, but, more cruel than they, glut their ferocious instincts by inflicting wounds more bitter than death itself. We speak of those who are carrying on their trade of murdering character for gain with a success and impunity that naturally, in a community so exposed to publicity, and impressible by rumor as our own, make every sensitive heart flutter with a constant fear of impending danger.

To prove that we are not frightening ourselves by imaginary alarms, let us recall for a moment those instances which will readily recur to the memory, where publicity has made manifest the existence of the crime we know not how to depict in all its horror, and which, we have reason to believe, is committing a far more fearful ravage on character than is known beyond the immediate social circle within which the victims are writhing in their cruel agonies.

Not many years since a clergyman, so firm in the affections of his family, and so strong in the esteem of his people, that slander could not shake the love of the one or the trust of the other, was suddenly arraigned before the public tribunals on the charge of the commission of a crime which delicacy would blush to utter. He was acquitted, and it was proved on the trial that he had been the victim of a band of conspirators, who had, with malicious shrewdness, singled out his sensitive nature as the victim of their cruel stratagem. With the cunning of devils (for stupidity, whatever may be their other faults, has never been put down as one of the demerits of Satan and his brood), they knew how easily the natural timidity of a man whose profession withdrew him from the hardening experiences of the world, might be worked upon by the slightest threat of turning the censorious eye of the public upon his character. They accordingly whispered in his ear a charge which—though it never reached his conscience, for it was without fear and without reproach—so bewildered his nervous sensibility to public fame, that he closed at once with the terms of the villains, and gave up his purse, which was their object, to save, as he supposed, what was more valuable, his good name. Such a victim was, of course, not allowed to escape, and was again and again pursued, until, finally, his necessities compelled him to take counsel of his friends, who advised resistance, which led to the trial and his acquittal. But mark the result. The public exposure so worked upon the sensitive spirit of the man, that he has ever since shrunk away in comparative obscurity; and who can tell how great the loss of happiness to himself and usefulness to the world?

There were again the various victims of whose cases the public had cognizance on the trial of that notorious offender who is now, or should be, suffering the penalty of his crimes in our State Prison. It will be recollected with what fiendish coolness of villainy this scoundrel had systematized a business of assassinating character—how for many years he had plied his trade with such successful cunning as to elude justice, and to become even rich with the proceeds of his iniquity. How he had, with the usual skillful calculations of his diabolical business, selected his victims among those who were the most prominent in society, and naturally the most sensitive to public opinion.

Again, there is the instance of a citizen of high standing, who, as we find it but lately revealed, has been for years suffering a bondage more abject than the forced servitude of the slave of the galleys, to one of these villains. He has poured his fortune, like water, into the insatiate maw of his accuser. A hundred thousand dollars is thus said to have been paid, impoverishing the victim while it has enriched the persecutor, who now triumphs in a fortune as the reward of his villainy.

That in some of these examples the victim has been tempted into moral delinquencies, does not alter the nature of the crime of the assassins. It only proves their greater cunning, as they thus, "tickling where they wound," seek to increase their power over their victims by artfully luring them to the commission of such acts as will render them amenable to moral censure, and therefore more sensitive to publicity. Many other such instances as we have given might be drawn from the public records, and more still from private sources. The crime is undoubtedly on the increase, and it behooves the public police to ferret out those who are guilty of it, as it does the public justice to inflict upon them the severest penalties of the law. More, however, is to be done by private individuals themselves, and it is especially their interest as well as duty to be on their guard, and well prepared by summoning all their courage to resist the approaches of those murderers who are skulking about the highway of public opinion.

It is the excessive nervous sensitiveness of men to general report which is the vulnerable point aimed at, nor is it surprising that so many victims are found in a land where, with all its political liberty, there is less social independence than under the most arbitrary governments. Apart from the obvious safety of the trust in a pure conscience and the disregard of a vacillating popular opinion, it will be found that the least compromise with slander is always the most fatal policy. Let the good be true to their own character, and from first to last present a bold front to the accuser. A remarkable instance, of which we are cognizant, so well illustrates the folly of the contrary policy that we present it as a warning to the timid and over-sensitive.

A popular clergyman in one of our metropolitan cities was suddenly called one night, not long since, to administer the rite of baptism to two children, who were reported by the messenger to be in *articulo mortis.* This was a demand upon clerical duty that could not be resisted. The clergyman accordingly promptly responded to the message, and soon made his way to a shabby house, somewhat remote from his usual parochial beat, and there, as had been announced, he found a woman with two children. He was somewhat surprised to discover that these latter, though somewhat ailing perhaps, were in such a lively condition of health as to remove all fears in his mind of impending death. He, however, was not of a suspicious temper, and naturally attributed the exaggerated report of the illness of the children to the excess of maternal anxiety. The clergyman, as he was in duty bound, performed the ceremony of baptism and returned home.

Now commenced a series of persecutions which, as we shall see, led to the most disastrous results. Anonymous letters came pouring in day after day, in which the clergyman was charged with an immorality, and threatened with public exposure unless he came down with a handsome sum as hush money. It does not appear that any thing was paid, but the fears of the clergyman were so wrought upon, and his sensibility so goaded, that he determined to fly the persecution. He accordingly, under some feigned motive, received the permission of his vestry to travel. After an absence of some months, he returned to his duty with the confident hope that time had relieved him from his old persecutors. But no sooner had he resumed his daily occupations than "Monsieur Tonson come again;" his anonymous correspondents commenced sending in their missives with the old pertinacity. The clergyman now resolved upon another move, and accordingly sent in his resignation of the city church, and betook himself to the retirement of a remote country parish. Here, while reflecting upon the vices and dangers of large cities, congratulating himself upon his escape from them, and consoling his mind for its comparatively restricted sphere of usefulness by the repose and rural seclusion of his new home, he was suddenly startled, by the invasion of his retirement, by two strangers. He was not long in doubt about the object of their visit, for they abruptly told him that his presence was required in the city where he had formerly resided, to give testimony in a suit for divorce, in which he was expected, by acknowledging a fault of which he was innocent, but of which his visitors charged him to have been guilty, to inculpate the defendant (the woman whose two children he had baptized) and himself. Thus driven at bay, the timid parson mustered courage enough to thrust out his pursuers. No sooner, however, had they gone than his nervousness again got the mastery, and the poor clergyman fled a third time. He now thought he could escape by a temporary flight, and started for a neighboring city. Arriving there, the first persons he met at the railroad dépôt were his unwelcome pursuers. He returns home immediately, and is hardly over the excitement of his rencontre, when he learns that the two who have been dogging his steps have established themselves at the hotel, and are busy in defaming his character among the gossips of the country town.

The appearance of a couple of policemen from a distant city, the arrest of the persecutors, and their subsequent lodgment in prison as two old offenders, on a charge of forgery, now prepare us for a *denouement*. The baggage of the rogues fell into the hands of the authorities; and, upon examination, was found to contain a bunch of false keys, a couple of ingenious jimmies, and a letter containing these words: "Bleed the parson to the tune of five hundred at least."

It was now clear that the clergyman had been the victim of a couple of villains. Accident had at last disclosed a full-blown conspiracy, which, at first, by the exercise of a little discretion, would have been nipped in the bud. The obvious policy of the clergyman would have been to consult some legal friend, or practical man of the world, upon the receipt of the first threatening letter, and by means of the police the villains who had written it would have been readily detected and punished as they deserved. What personal misery might thus have been avoided, what shame of subterfuge escaped, and what usefulness to the world secured!

EFFECT OF LITERARY OCCUPATION UPON THE DURATION OF LIFE.

LITERARY men are essentially sedentary in their habits, and, while intensely taxing their mental powers, are unfortunately too much accustomed to neglect the wants of the body. Leibnitz, the distinguished philosopher and rival of Newton, when warned by his medical adviser that he must relax his severe mental energies and attend to his general health, or his life would pay the forfeit of his neglect, asked how long he might possibly live if he continued his present course of intense application.

"Not more than eighteen months," replied the physician.

"Can I live that length of time?" asked Leibnitz.

"In all probability you may," answered the physician.

"Then," responded Leibnitz, "I will continue my present habits; for I would sooner develop the problems that at present engross me, and die in eighteen months, than to live for years and not accomplish them."

True to his resolve, he completed his undertaking, but died within a month or two of the time assigned by his physician.

In reading or writing the literary man—in which list may be included editors, students, and such others as are engaged in literary composition—occupies a position in which the muscles are in a state of repose, and the act of respiration is imperfectly performed. This latter is in part due to the concentration of the intellectual faculties upon the subject which engrosses the attention, and in part to the posture generally assumed at the table or desk, by which the body is bent forward, and the head downward, in such a manner as to contract the capacity of the chest, and compress the lungs contained within.

The purpose of respiration is to arterialize the blood, or supply it with oxygen from the air respired, and at the same time rid it of the carbonic acid gas accumulated in its passage through the body. In order to effect this double purpose nature has provided a most delicate and wonderful mechanism. This consists of the lungs and air-passages. The lungs contain innumerable little air-cells, which are expanded when air is inspired, and closed when it is respired. The blood, after its passage through the body, is returned to the heart upon the side opposite to that from which it passed out, and is from thence sent through the lungs, where it is exposed to contact with the air breathed before it again returns to the heart and is again made to pursue its ceaseless journeying through the body. The importance of the due performance of this function is made obvious upon the slightest reflection. When the blood becomes too highly charged with carbon from the effects of the position which the scholar is apt to assume, relief is often insensibly produced by a full-drawn inspiration in the form of a sigh, to which this class of persons are extremely addicted, and which indicates that the occupation of mind or position of body prevents free respiration, to relieve which nature incites an occasional deep-drawn inspiration. Hence, in deep grief, when the mind is busied in sad reflection, a tremulous sigh is often heard to escape the lips.

But it is not alone a deficient arterialization to which the blood of a person thus circumstanced is subjected. His appetite is frequently not properly attended to, and either too much or too little food is taken, and not unfrequently of such a quality as to tax beyond its powers of endurance the nervous energy which the stomach really demands, but which is already occupied with the operations of the mind. Digestion becomes disturbed, sluggishness of the bowels, torpor of the liver, and an imperfect deposit of nutritious elements into the blood follows, and the body loses its vigor, and the mind its tone and power of concentrated thought.

In addition to these ailments literary men are subjected, by the very nature of their pursuits, to an excitable condition of the nervous system, which often manifests itself in inordinate apprehension about small matters, and great irritability of temper. "These," says Thackrack, "mark, in common life and ordinary circumstances, the character of men who, on great occasions, manifest the noblest benevolence, courage, and coolness." This constant excitability not unfrequently leads to inflammation, and sometimes to a softening, of the brain. Dean Swift and Daniel Webster, both of whom possessed great intellects and thought profoundly, died of this affection. It is well known that the Herculean tasks assumed by Sir Walter Scott, in advanced age, led to an affection of the brain, which first dimmed and then extinguished forever the lofty intellect of this great writer, months before his body yielded to final dissolution.

Yet, notwithstanding these evils incident to to a literary life, its average duration is of a respectable length, and frequently extends to great age. This was particularly the case among the ancient philosophers, who alternated their time between abstruse studies in the closet, and conversations and speeches in the midst of their fellow-citizens in the open air and public buildings in which they were wont to assemble. Besides, their philosophy generally taught them to be placid in temper, cautious in language, abstemious in diet, and unmoved by surrounding circumstances, all of which tend to the prolongation of life. Plato died at 81; Xenocrates at 82; Thales at 89; and Democritus at 100.

Modern philosophers, whose works are not always represented by their lives, although not short-lived, fall below the age attained by the ancients. Thus, Bacon died at 64; Boyle at 65; Newton at 84; and Harvey at 88. In our own country, Rittenhouse died at 64; and Franklin at 84; and of those engaged in other literary pursuits, Noah Webster, the lexicographer, died at 85; and Dr. Thacher at 90. M. Brunard selected at random one hundred and fifty savans, one half from the Academy of Sciences, the other from the Academy of Belles Lettres, and found that their average at death was a little above 70 years.

M. Benoiston de Chateauneuf has recorded the ages, at death, of the members of the three French academies from 1635 to 1793, five hundred and seventy-one in number. In connection with these results are placed those of Professor Guy, of King's College, London, obtained from the annual register:

Average Age, at Death, of those who have Died at	Dr. Guy's Ann. Register.	French Academies.
26 and upward	66.49	68.84
31 " "	67.55	69.20
41 " "	69.15	70.42
51 " "	72.10	72.47

These results, which correspond very nearly with each other, show that the chances of life are far from being abridged by literary pursuits. "It is pleasing," says Mr. Sadler, "to contemplate that those studies which contribute to the prosperity and happiness of mankind have the promise of long life. Great exertions of the brain, combined with sedentary habits and late hours, do certainly tend to produce a delicate state of health; but this is by no means incompatible with longevity."

It is of the first importance to literary men, who seek prolonged life or continued intellectual activity, to take especial care neither to overtask the mind nor neglect the wants of the body. No more fatal error can be made than that of a disregard of natural wants, which men of letters frequently fall into. Ambition is a powerful incentive, and leads to intense excitement; but this very excitement, under whose influence the mind rises above itself and accomplishes great things, weakens by its intensity and repetition. Periods of relaxation are necessary for the mind, and wholesome and generous food, with ample exercise for the body. He who alternates with the labors of the closet the rational indulgences of social life, and forgets at stated intervals the pains and pleasures of literary life in general society, will best secure present enjoyment and the chances of a prolonged life.

THE CHURCH AND CIVILIZATION.

WHILE the Church universal, in whatever country or under whatever conditions she may exist, uniformly accepts and teaches the few essential doctrines of Christianity, and adopts a few common forms of worship and government, she, nevertheless, exists in three great divisions, founded upon important differences as it regards doctrine, worship, and government. We refer to the Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Protestant Churches.

It is reasonable to suppose that the causes which produced, and still perpetuate, these great divisions in the Church, would impart to each a peculiar and permanent character that would impress itself upon the people among whom it prevailed, and thus essentially influence their civilization, both as it respects its character and its progress. If we look into the condition of the Catholic and Protestant nations, and the nations among which the Greek faith prevails, we shall find this to be true. There is not only a different degree, but a different type, of civilization in these families of nations severally, which can not be referred to the races from which the people have sprung, nor to the influences of climate or soil. It can only be referred to their morals and religion, influencing their mental, social, and political condition. It is, therefore, legitimate and useful to inquire into the tendencies of these three great divisions of the Church, considered as institutions in the bosom of society, to promote civilization. Under the term *institutions*, we comprehend the interior life and external form of each Church, considered as an informing and administrative body.

The Greek Church prevails in Russia, in Turkey in Europe, in Greece Proper, and makes up, probably, one-fifth of the population of Turkey in Asia. Within the circle of her influence Christian civilization has made the least advance, and presents the least distinctive and attractive character among the masses. This is explained by the fact, that when the Greek or Eastern Church dissolved her union with the Roman Catholic or Occidental Church, she developed no distinctive fixed religious principle, but remained stationary, and is at this moment what she was a thousand years ago—a mummy without life, preserved from destruction by the tenacious nationalities of the different peoples within her bosom. The consequence was, that when Russia made herself felt as a positive and vigorous power in Europe, and stood forth as the representative and protector of the Greek Church, she had to transplant from Protestant and Catholic countries those germs of civilization which have grown and made her what she is. Her civilization is confined to the upper classes, and is represented by the French language, and by English science and arts. The masses of her people are still barbarous, because the Greek Church, from which they draw their spiritual life, has no power to quicken their intellects, awaken their feelings, or mould their morals; and the foreign influences derived from Protestant and Catholic countries have not yet worked downward from the higher to the lower ranks. In Russia, the government, almost unaided by the Church, is the promoter of civilization. Nor do we see how the Greek Church, which looks to the Emperor of Russia as its head and protector, can render distinctive service in promoting civilization in Russia. She has no concentrated, infallible authority within herself, as the Roman Catholic Church claims in the office and person of the Pope, and the Protestant Churches, in the supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures, in matters of faith and practice. The Greek Church must adopt the one or the other of these dogmas respecting the fountain of religious authority, before she can become a positive and powerful promoter of civilization among the masses of her people. If she adopt the first, she will become Roman Catholic; if the second, she will become Protestant. If she remain as at present, she will simply be an instrument in the hands of the government, and exert no direct distinctive influence upon the character and progress of civilization among the people. So far, then, as the character and progress of civilization in the world depend upon Christian influences, it must look to the action of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.

Let us look, then, into the comparative ability and tendency of these two great divisions of the Christian Church to promote civilization.

In this inquiry the Church can not be considered apart from the body of the people among whom she exists; for she is a living community existing and acting in the bosom of society, and necessarily imparting to it a large measure of her own life and her own manner of expressing it. A single glance at the social, civil, and political condition of Protestant nations, as compared with the Catholic, will reveal the palpable superiority of the first over the second. Notwithstanding the Catholic nations have twice the population of Protestant countries, and are almost entirely without the presence of a Protestant population to modify or disturb their interior life and action; as, for instance, in France, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and South America; yet the aggregate elements of prosperity and power are much greater in Protestant than in Catholic countries; and this, too, while nearly every Protestant country tolerates the presence and free action of the Roman Catholic Church, which thus, in its measure, disturbs the action of Protestantism on the masses of the people.

The overshadowing characteristic of the nineteenth century is unexampled activity in invention and execution in the province of the useful rather than the ornamental arts, and in favor of the masses rather than of the few. And as this activity is far more prevalent in Protestant than in Catholic countries, and indeed almost confined to them, it is fair to claim it as the product of Protestant Christianity. The manufactures and commerce of the world are chiefly in the hands of Protestant nations, and of nations sensibly influenced by Protestantism, as France and Belgium. The production and distribution of knowledge is much more rapid and extensive in Protestant than in Catholic countries. The freedom of the press is unknown under any Catholic government; and what are called public or common schools in Protestant countries are wholly unknown in Catholic nations. The idea and the practice of religious liberty, which is the essential fountain of the highest and most permanent civilization, are not allowed under any Catholic government, while it is the fundamental principle of nearly all, if not all, Protestant countries. Religious liberty carries with it the right of private judgment in all matters regarding our interests in this world and the world which is to come. Hence the individual mind and conscience are quickened in Protestant countries to a far greater degree than in Catholic. And from this cause springs the superiority of the civilization of the former over that of the latter. This superiority is shown in a very striking manner by Napoleon Roussel, in his excellent work on Catholic and Protestant nations compared; he proves by authentic statistics that the occurrence of certain great crimes is in the Catholic countries of Europe as eleven to one in the Protestant countries.

The Catholic Church is beginning to feel the influence of this superior Protestant civilization. She defends herself by saying, that it is material and temporal prosperity obtained at the expense of the spiritual interests of man, and therefore too dearly bought. We make no answer to this at present, but content ourselves with having pointed out the relative tendency and ability of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism to promote the civilization of the masses.

A DEATH.

A man of mark is dead. **Hugh Miller**, the Christian geologist, we learn, by the last accounts from Edinburgh, was found in his bedchamber weltering in his blood, with a discharged pistol at his side. There are circumstantial proofs of suicide, but whether by accident or intent will, perhaps, never be known. There is the well-ordered life, the moral conduct, and the religious belief, to sustain us in our faith that, if sane, he was guiltless of self-murder. But how far could that reason, so strong in the logic of science, so constant in the defense of holy truth, have been overpowered in its mysterious alliance with the weakness of the body, by physical disease, as to lose its control, and offer itself a victim to self-inflicted violence? There is reason to think that this melancholy death affords another example of a sacrifice to over-work.

As editor of the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, *The Witness*, and as the champion of the harmony between the truth of science and the truth of the Bible, Miller was involved in the most excited controversies of the day. That his mind should have fallen in the fight which he so manfully and so long sustained, against a powerful hierarchy on the one side, and a subtle infidelity on the other, would not be surprising. While the living records of the philosopher and Christian remain, there need be no timid fear that Miller was untrue to himself and his faith. If he died by his own hands, it was, we may be assured, by accident, or in a dark moment of clouded reason.

CLOAKS AND OVERCOATS.

The Duke of Wellington, shrewd old campaigner that he was, is said to have had always in winter use at least a dozen overcoats. Not that his Grace was in the habit of wrapping up his veteran carcass, like a dried mummy, in all these twelve envelopes at once. No! he was too skillful a general not to know how to husband his resources, and he proved his usual prudence by his overcoat tactics. This was his plan of operations: His coats being mustered in full force, and ranked in order, from heavy cavalry cloak to light infantry surtout, under the command of his valet, were always kept in readiness for a sortie or a campaign, as the Duke might determine. At the north end of Apsley House, as all our readers familiar with the haunts of aristocracy will recollect, there is a small window, through the open casement of which might be seen every morning (by the accurate observer) a well-known nose. This was the proboscis of the Iron Duke—as true as a thermometer—taking the gauge of the weather, and the valet received his orders accordingly. So, one day it was—"Antoine, it's cold as Nova Zembla; bring up my heavy cavalry" (cloak). Another time the order ran—"Antoine, it's not so cold to-day; I think the light body" (coat) "will do." And so on; each one in its turn of the force of overcoats being ordered up, according to the emergency of the weather.

The Duke's practice was good, and we commend it to general adoption. It may not be necessary to have a dozen overcoats, but it would be well to have as many as one can conveniently afford, graduated in warmth to suit the changes of the weather. This is more necessary in our country than in any other, for where else will you find such sudden and extreme changes of temperature? Where does the thermometer, as with us, rise up in a few hours from zero to almost blood heat, and sink down again in no less time to the same depth of cold? Common sense would seem to teach the precept of adapting the dress to the temperature; and yet, as nothing is so uncommon as common sense, it is not surprising that this very obvious rule should be generally disobeyed.

There is one prevalent practice which is responsible for a great deal of discomfort—as all can judge for themselves, and for no little disease, as the doctors can tell them—this is that of wearing an excessive quantity of underclothing. To be baked in ovens—which most of our houses are—would seem to be torture enough, without the additional suffering of being smothered. But not only do we put too much coal in our furnaces, but heap too many clothes upon our backs. With the usual tropical temperature of our houses, the dress of a Georgia dandy (a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs), *minus* the spurs, would be all that was requisite for comfort and health. More might be conceded, perhaps, on the score of a fastidious delicacy, but a great deal less than is usually worn. The indoor clothing should be as light as in the dog-days, since we are determined to keep up a perpetuity of dog-days in our houses; and the warm winter dress, the flannels, the woolens, and the padded petticoats should be kept in reserve for going out. Every one should rely principally upon the outside clothing—the cloaks, overcoats, shawls, and furs—for protection against the cold of winter. These can be readily put off and on, and the dress being thus graduated to the temperature, the effects of those extreme changes of our climate, which prove so fatal to health and life, will be avoided. If people will roast themselves within their houses, they had better do it, like peeled potatoes, with their jackets off, and keep the jackets to protect them against the cold without.

The philosophy of dress may be summed up in a few words. The linen, the cotton, the silk, the woolen, and the furs even, which comprise almost all the varieties of artificial covering used by civilized man and woman, do not give heat, for they have none to give; but merely serve to keep that which belongs to, and is produced within, the body. This fact teaches that no outward appliance of art can be a substitute for the inward process of nature for the production of heat; and, moreover, leads to the inquiry as to the best means of preserving that heat. The chemists tell us that good conductors are bad protectors, and bad conductors good protectors of heat, for the simple reason that the former convey away the warmth as rapidly as it is produced, and the latter do not. Now air is one of the worst conductors of heat known, and therefore a most powerful protector. This fact in nature has been taken advantage of to increase the warmth and add to the discomfort of our houses, by means of the ordinary double casements, the layer of atmosphere between which being a bad conductor, necessarily prevents the exit of the hot temperature within. So in regard to clothing and covering of all kinds, that is the warmest which can retain the most air. Thus furs and woolens, constantly retaining within their loose textures a large supply of air, become bad conductors and good protectors of heat; while linen, cotton, and silk, being so closely woven, and of more rigid fibre, have less space for air, and necessarily become good conductors and bad protectors. The various kinds of material used ordinarily for clothing rank thus as to warmth (beginning with the warmest and ending with the coolest): 1st, furs; 2d, wool; 3d, silk; 4th, cotton; 5th, linen.

Not only, however, does the degree of warmth depend upon the texture, but also upon the fashion of the dress. A loose coat is warmer than a tight-fitting one: the fashionable sack, accordingly, which Carlyle sneers at as an evidence of the degeneracy of the age, is much more comfortable in winter than the more artistically, close-cut surtout of our predecessors. This is easily accounted for on the principle already explained; the former having a greater space for air than the latter, becomes a worse conductor, and, necessarily, a better protector of heat. Dresses porous in texture and loose in fit have the additional advantage of allowing that ease of movement, and freedom of transpiration so essential to health.

Color, too, influences the warmth of covering, as the simple experiment of Franklin (who placed several pieces of cloth, varying from black to white, in the light, upon a bank of snow, and found the snow beneath the black melted first, and that beneath the white the last) proved. A dark dress is therefore warmer than a light-colored one, and the shivering shoulders of our beauties will, accordingly, have a better chance of heat under a black sable than under a white ermine. If our people will only put a little of this simple philosophy of dress into their heads, we promise them increased comfort to their backs, a greater vigor to their health, and more years to their lives.

A STRIKING MARRIAGE.

Forty-four years ago the sovereigns and statesmen of Europe, assembled in Congress at Vienna, were disposing of nations and crowns. Metternich and Talleyrand and Wellington, Alexander of Russia, and a swarm of German kings were there, all with wits freshly sharpened for the encounter, and all, as usual, scheming to cheat one another. But the greatest of all the diplomatists there assembled was—not an orator, or a soldier, or a king, but a lady—the **Princess Lieven**, the loveliest and cleverest woman in Europe. We have it on the best authority that questions which puzzled the wisest of the male politicians were unraveled by her; that more than once her tact averted disputes which might have ended seriously; and that of all the great men at Vienna, there was not one who did not count himself among her admirers.

About the same time another lady, in a very different station—Pauline de Meulan, the editor of a small literary journal at Paris—fell dangerously ill. She had a mother and sisters to support; her illness endangered their subsistence. In the midst of her embarrassment she received an anonymous letter inclosing an article for the following number of her paper. The letter stated that, with her permission, the writer would take the liberty of inclosing a similar article for every number of the journal until her recovery. The aid so delicately proffered was gladly accepted. Mademoiselle de Meulan, relieved from anxiety, regained her health. On her resumption of her editorial labors, she endeavored to discover the name of her unknown benefactor; but in vain. It was not till long afterward that, on her wedding night, her happy husband disclosed to her that the author of the articles which had been of such service was none other than himself—**Guizot**.

A lapse of thirty years, and the Princess Lieven is mourning for her husband, late Russian Embassador at London. Mourning gently, decorously, as becomes a leader of fashion, and a lady who, when the defunct lived, wisely made a mere clerk of him; not suffering her affliction to impede her intrigues, or embarrassing national camarillas with such petty casualties. Dead or alive, the Prince of Lieven did not matter; what the Princess regretted most in him was his usefulness as a cloak.

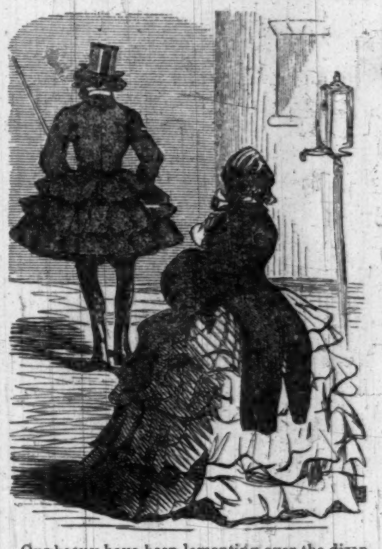
At same time Guizot is sitting by the deathbed of his wife—his much-loved Pauline. She has been long ill; and now the doctors have told him that her hour has come. He has watched her long and tenderly—all prime minister that he is; and now that death's prelude—calmness—overshadows Pauline's pale face, he takes from the shelf a volume of Bossuet, and reads with firm voice the great preacher's funeral sermon on Henrietta of England. The last sounds Madame Guizot heard in this world were the magnificent periods of the eloquent priest, read by her husband's solemn sonorous voice. He did not close the book till her spirit had fled.

Singular fatality! The Princess Lieven, growing old, lost her admirers, and became a mere *intrigante*: Louis Philippe made her conquest, cheaply, and had her live at Paris. Guizot, growing old, made mistakes, lost his position and his master. The Empire found them both respectable fossils, gray and sober, and inclined to suspect the world of stupidity and a general tendency to go wrong. The one poor, the other rich; both a good deal forgotten, and hustled by a crop of imperial mushrooms. So, on the strength of what sympathy parallel mishaps might awaken, these two old people have perfected their destiny by getting married. Connubial felicity is hardly the thing to wish them. Let us hope they will take care of each other, and nurse each other during the short remainder of their lives.

CHAT.

THE NEW FEMALE METAMORPHOSIS.

Fashion is a cunning jade. While strong-minded females have in vain been bawling long and loud for woman's rights, and with tooth and nail doing their utmost to pull man down from his pre-eminence, Madame la Mode has quietly slipped, and almost unconsciously, into the prerogatives of the opposite sex. Pulling on the masculine boots, she strides *man*fully through our dirty streets "in spite of wind and weather," and now buttoning herself in a fashionable coat or jacket of the day, she elbows our Broadway dandies with the conscious air of one who would say, "I'm a better man than you." Boots, coat, and ——; *to be continued* must we add, as to an unfinished tale (tail)? So Cham, the great French caricaturist, would seem to think, who thus prophesies pictorially for the present year of 1857.



Our beaux have been lamenting over the disappearance from the fashionable horizon of dress-coats, and it may be some consolation to find them again enveloping the graceful figures of our belles. There may be satisfaction, too, in an economical point of view, to know that the long laid aside swallow-tail, with considerable letting out here and there, may be transferred from the husband's to the wife's wardrobe without a tailor's account, to be added to the already large enough bill of female expense.

Some of our ladies (*laddies*, since they assume the jacket they might be called, which would settle at once the Benton controversy) are a little chary of showing themselves in public, dressed in the new masculine attire. Some think that the jacket should be confined to young girls under sixteen, to whom the new fashion gives a delightful hoidenish, coquettish air, which, it must be confessed, does not sit so well on "fat, fair, and forty." A great many collateral questions have also arisen in regard to the new costume, as, for example, whether it is "the thing or not" to thrust one or both hands into the pockets, for the new coats have pockets both before and behind, sidewise and lengthwise. We have long since had military tailors, clerical tailors, and boys' tailors; now we have ladies' tailors; for it is a fact, which will somewhat startle, we fear, our country readers, that wives and daughters get measured for their cloth jackets by the same masculine snip who cuts their fathers' and husbands' inexpressibles. We have hardly reached yet, however, the extremity of our less fastidious English friends, as may be learned by the following advertisement, which we publish gratuitously from the *Illustrated London News* of December 13, 1856:

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,
Chamois Leather, with black feet.
53 Baker Street (near Madame Tussaud's Exhibition).
W. G. TAYLOR (late Halliday).

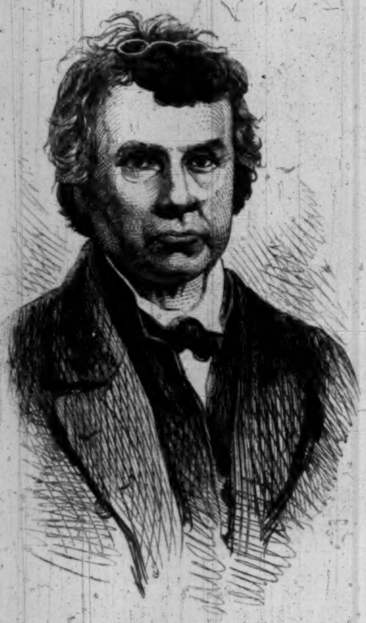
The men may well revenge themselves by taking to shawls, muffs, and petticoat sacks! "A fair exchange is no robbery."

CHARITÉ DANSANTE.

The new moire antique has been sent home, the steel hoop adjusted, the white kids purchased, and before the hundreds of thousands of readers of this *Weekly* will have read our columns, the great Nursery Ball, about which the world of New York has been so long agog, will have been danced out. Thousands, at two dollars a ticket, will, we hope, have been paid into the treasury of the Nursery Hospital—a good object, deserving of all public sympathy—but how many thousands will have been spent upon vanity?

We confess that we have no great liking toward these compromises between benevolence and selfish indulgence. True charity blesses him who gives as well as him who receives. How much of the blessing will fall to the share of the fashionable *figurantes* at the Opera-house on Thursday night is under our means of computation. Paley recommends that we should bestow our alms even upon an unworthy object for the sake of cultivating the sentiment of benevolence; but no moralist that we know of advises charity toward the deserving for the purpose of gratifying our own selfish indulgence. There should be no confusion of motives; if we are to give, let us give without stint; if we are to enjoy ourselves, let us do so within proper bounds, with all our hearts. It is a new form of simony, this dealing in the blessings of Heaven for our own private gain. If you will dance, dance; but do not pretend to be charitable to others while you are only indulgent to yourselves.

Reduce the whole thing to dollars and cents, and see how the balance stands. Say that there are five thousand tickets sold for the ball at two dollars each. This will make a total of ten thousand dollars. Two thousand of this will be a small computation for hire of room, music, and other necessary requirements, leaving eight thousand for the charitable object. Will five dollars be too much for the average personal expense of each of the five thousand persons who go the ball? If not, this will give twenty-five thousand dollars for the whole, making, with the two thousand spent upon getting up the entertainment (we beg pardon, the charity), a sum total of twenty-seven thousand expended for the benefit of the benevolent rich, while, as we have seen, only eight thousand goes to the suffering poor. So, Dives, credit yourself, recollect, with a little more than two-thirds, as you put down to the debit of the beneficiary something less than a single third. When you wipe your sentimental eyes over others' misery, indulge in a little inward chuckle at your own pleasure. *Let him laugh who wins.*



PETER CARTWRIGHT,

THE PIONEER PREACHER OF THE WEST.

WHO has not heard of Peter Cartwright, the Pioneer Wester, famous for his camp-meetings, and his religious zeal, and his native eloquence, and his quaint anecdotes, and a thousand pleasant eccentricities? For hundreds of miles in the Western States there is not a cabin where the old preacher's name is not a household word; more men know him and admire him, perhaps, than any other minister in the world can count his friends. His has been a long and an active life. It has stretched from the dawn of civilization in the West to the present day, covering a period of over fifty years, and commingling with events which history will consider momentous. Though it was not his part in life to take an overt share in the political controversies of his day, his influence over the mind of the youthful communities of the West has doubtless been larger than that of the mere politician, and he has, as he would say himself, left his mark deeper than many of the Western statesmen who have been his contemporaries. A genial, kindly man, with much of the rugged force of the early reformers; rough in manners, and by no means ashamed of his Western dialect and homely speech; rich in homespun wit, blunt invective, and backwoods' imagery; looking always to the main chance—the cause of religion—and caring little, so that were advanced, whether the good work were achieved by persuasion, raillery, or a knock-down argument. Like Luther and Knox, Mr. Cartwright disdained no weapon that would strike home. He made his hearers laugh as they did theirs, but the laugh was wholesome, and the sober thought which followed kind and sound. Like the old Puritan preachers, he has been, in times of danger, the captain as well as the pastor of his flock; he kept the gate of the camp when the rowdies attacked it, and the first fist they felt was his. A representative man, assuredly; and one whose autobiography furnishes essential materials for the future history of the West.

His ministrations began fifty-five years ago, when the Western Methodists numbered 7401 members in all. He was "permitted to exercise his gifts as an exhorter" at eighteen, in the State of Kentucky. A "revival of religion" had begun a couple of years previously, and was in full progress; camp-meetings were regularly held, and "twenty or thirty ministers, of different denominations, would come together and preach night and day, four or five days together." Of course, mingled with the beneficial results of this excitement, strange and wild delusions gained ground. Shakers appeared, and people who saw visions; Jumpers, and Barkers; and a host of other crazy enthusiasts or knaves, who attracted attention by novel doctrines and practices. Perhaps the most singular of the delusions of the period was that respecting the exercise called "jerks." "Saints and sinners would be taken under a warm song or sermon, and seized with a convulsive jerking all over, which they could not by any possibility avoid." Mr. Cartwright has seen five hundred people jerking together in his congregation. At the first jerk, ladies' "fine bonnets, caps, and combs would fly; their long, loose hair would crack almost as loud as a wagoner's whip." Resistance made the attack more severe. A drunken rowdy who thrust himself into a camp-meeting, "cursing all religion, took the jerks, tried to run, but jerked so violently that he could not get away. He took out his bottle of whisky, and swore he would drink the d—d jerks to death; but he jerked at such a rate that he couldn't get the bottle to his mouth," and broke it. At last this fellow "fetched a very violent jerk, snapped his neck, fell, and soon expired." Two young ladies, under Mr. Cartwright's preaching, "took the jerks," greatly to the mortification of their brothers, who loudly declared their intention of horse-whipping the preacher. When the assembly was dismissed, their threat was made known to Mr. Cartwright, who boldly went up to them and asked them if they had meant what they said? One of them replied that he had, and warned the preacher that he "needn't deny it, for he had seen him take out a phial in which he carried some truck that gave his sisters the jerks." The quick-witted exhorter immediately replied: "Yes, if I gave your sisters the jerks, I'll give them to you." And drawing out the phial, which contained peppermint water, he had the pleasure of chasing the doughty brothers from the field in an agony of panic.

Besides contending with these follies, the religious pioneers of the West had a hard battle to fight with the enemies of all religion—the whisky-drinkers. It constantly happened that rowdies deliberately broke up camp-meetings by violence. On one occasion, two fellows entered a meeting where Mr. Cartwright was holding forth, and sat down among the ladies. Being ordered to move, they cursed the preacher; who, after vainly appealing to the magistrates, proceeded to attack the rioters himself. We shall let him tell the story in his own words:

> I advanced toward them. They told me to stand off, but I advanced. One of them made a pass at my head with his whip, but I closed in with him and jerked him off the seat. A regular scuffle ensued. The congregation by this time were all in commotion. I heard the magistrates give general orders, commanding all friends of order to aid in suppressing the riot. In the scuffle I threw my prisoner down, and held him fast; he tried his best to get loose: I told him to be quiet, or I would pound his chest well. The mob rose, and rushed to the rescue of the two prisoners, for they had taken the other young man also. An old and drunken magistrate came up to me, and ordered me to let my prisoner go. I told him I should not. He swore if I did not, he would knock me down. I told him to crack away. Then one of my friends, at my request, took hold of my prisoner, and the drunken justice made a pass at me; but I parried the stroke, and seized him by the collar and the hair of the head, and fetching him a sudden jerk forward, brought him to the ground and jumped on him. I told him to be quiet, or I would pound him well. The mob then rushed to the scene; they knocked down seven magistrates, and several preachers and others. I gave up my drunken prisoner to another, and threw myself in front of the friends of order. Just at this moment the ringleader of the mob and I met; he made three passes at me, intending to knock me down. The last time he struck at me, by the force of his own effort he threw the side of his face toward me. It seemed at that moment I had not power to resist temptation, and I struck a sudden blow in the burr of the ear and dropped him to the earth. Just at that moment the friends of order rushed by hundreds on the mob, knocking them down in every direction.

The victory was won, and the valiant preacher followed it up by preaching a triumphal sermon from the text, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us;" on which occasion he tells us that "the people fell in every direction, right and left, front and rear: it was supposed that not less than three hundred fell like dead men in mighty battle."

On another occasion, a "young man with a ruffled shirt" committed the same offense, and would not desist till he was called sharply to order by Mr. Cartwright. He "swore he would whip the preacher for the insult." Cartwright, the service over, accosted him, and finding him bent on his purpose, said, quietly, "Well, we will not disturb the congregation here; let us go out into the woods, for if I am to be whipped, I want it over, for I do not like to live in dread." The pair accordingly started for the woods. In leaping a fence Mr. Cartwright hurt his side. Involuntarily he put his right hand on his left side, upon which his antagonist exclaimed, "D—n you, you are feeling for a dirk, are you?"

"Yes," said the shrewd brother, "and I will give you the benefit of all the dirks I have."

Which was quite enough for the gentleman with the "ruffled shirt." Being asked afterward by a pious brother what he would have done had this accident not occurred, Mr. Cartwright naively answered that he "would first have proposed prayer to the young man, and then *followed the openings of Providence.*"

With another antagonist, one Major L——, he was even more successful. He had offended this man, who was a fire-eater, by the boldness of his preaching; the first time they met, the Major flew into a desperate rage, and said if he thought he would fight him a duel he would challenge him.

"Major," said I, very calmly, "if you challenge me I will accept it."

"Well, Sir," said he, "I do dare you to mortal combat."

"Very well, I'll fight you; and, Sir," said I, "according to the laws of honor, I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight?"

"Certainly," said he.

"Well," said I, "then we will step over here into this lot, and get a couple of corn-stalks; I think I can finish you with one."

But oh, what a rage he got into. He clenched his fists and looked vengeance. Said he, "If I thought I could whip you, I would smite you in a moment."

"Yes, yes, Major L——" said I, "but, thank God you can't whip me; but don't you attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in all your life," and then walked off and left him.

His wife was a good, Christian woman, and the family was tented on the ground. At night, after meeting was closed, I retired to bed, and about midnight there came a messenger for me to go to Major L——'s tent and pray for him, for he was dying. Said I, "What is the matter with him?"

"Oh, he says he has insulted you, one of God's ministers, and if you don't come and pray for him, he will die and go to hell."

"Well," said I, "if that's all, the Lord increase his pains. I shall not go; let him take a grand sweat; it will do him good, for he has legions of evil spirits in him, and it will be a long time before they are all cast out."

After a time Mr. Cartwright relented, and had the pleasure of leading his fiery antagonist to a knowledge of the truth.

The belief in evil spirits seems to have been strong in Mr. Cartwright. To a young lady whose father displayed intractable hostility to the Methodists, he observed, "It is not the big old devil that is in your father; it must be a little, sickly, weakly devil that has taken possession of him, and I don't think it will be a hard job to cast him out. If God takes hold of your father, and shakes him over hell a little while, and he smells brimstone right strong, if there was a ship-load of little devils in him, they would be driven out just as easy as a tornado would drive the regiments of mosquitoes from around those stagnant pools in the country." Our city preachers might talk some time before they would impress a backwoodsman's daughter as forcibly as this short speech did.

Mr. Cartwright was ordained a deacon in 1806, and an elder in 1808. For twenty years from the time of his first ministrations as an exhorter, he traveled circuit in Kentucky and Western Tennessee; in 1823 he removed to Illinois, and traveled various circuits in that State. The life he had led, and continued to lead for many years afterward, was perhaps unexampled in this country for hardships. Let him describe it himself.

> A Methodist preacher in those days, when he felt that God had called him to preach, instead of hunting up a college or Biblical institute, hunted up a hardy pony of a horse, and some traveling apparatus, and with his library always at hand, namely, Bible, Hymn Book, and Discipline, he started, and with a text that never wore out nor grew stale, he cried, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow, and rain; climbed hills and mountains, traversed valleys, plunged through swamps, swam swollen streams, lay out all night, wet, weary, and hungry, held his horse by the bridle all night, or tied him to a limb, slept with his saddle blanket for a bed, his saddle or saddle-bags for his pillow, and his old big coat or blanket, if he had any, for a covering. Often he slept in dirty cabins, on earthern floors, before the fire; ate roasting ears for bread, drank butter-milk for coffee, or sage tea for imperial; took, with a hearty zest, deer or bear meat, or wild turkey, for breakfast, dinner, and supper, if he could get it. His text was always ready, "Behold the Lamb of God," etc. This was old-fashioned Methodist preacher fare and fortune. Under such circumstances, who among us would now say, "Here am I, Lord, send me?"

The remuneration was positively ridiculous. The first quarter of Mr. Cartwright's labors as an exhorter he received $6; during his first year as deacon he received about $40, "many of the preachers receiving less than half that amount." At the close of his conference year he has found himself "hundreds of miles from home, with horse gone blind, saddle worn out, bridle reins eaten up and replaced at least a dozen times, clothes patched till it was difficult to recognize the original, and only seventy-five cents in his pocket." He has gone without food from inability to pay for it, slept under a tree, and swum his horse across streams when the ferrymen would not give him a free passage. During fifty-three years of his services as a traveling preacher he calculates that he has lacked of his disciplinary allowance (from $80 to $100 a year) about $5000; lost in various ways, such as the death of horses, etc., $1400 more; and has actually given away in charity, and to benevolent societies, $2300.

His adventures on the road were often highly amusing. Traveling with his colleague Walker, they put up at the house of a "drunken Universalist," with whom Brother Walker argued theology to no purpose. Brother Cartwright, shocked at the profane language of the host, at last silenced his colleague amidst a shower of curses from the landlord. When bed-time came, Brother Walker asked leave to pray in the family before they went to bed.

> The landlord flatly denied us that privilege, and swore he would have none of our praying about him, saying he knew we only wanted to pray off our bill. Brother Walker mildly expostulated with him, and insisted on having the privilege to pray; but all in vain. He said he would have no praying about his house. I then asked him if he did not keep a house of public entertainment.
>
> He replied, "Yes."
>
> "Then," said I, "do you not allow men to curse and swear, and get drunk in your house, if they pay for it?"
>
> He said, "Yes."
>
> "Well, then, we have as good a right to pray and serve God in your house, if we pay for it, as they have to serve the devil and pay for it; and I insist that we have our rights. We have plenty of money, and don't wish to pray off our bill." So said I to Brother Walker, "Go to prayer, and if he cuts up any capers I'll down him, and hold him still till you are done praying; for," said I, "'the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'"

He was spared this necessity; the landlord sullenly submitted, and, still better, refused to receive pay from the preachers next morning, whereby, as Brother Cartwright observes with a chuckle, "we said our prayers, and prayed off our bill into the bargain."

At another tavern, Mr. Cartwright just arrived in time to witness "a dance," on Saturday night. He sat in the corner, musing, and mentally resolving to participate in some way in the entertainment. He says,

> I had hardly settled this point in my mind, when a beautiful, ruddy young lady walked very gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome courtesy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited me out to take a dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts or feelings on that occasion. However, in a moment I resolved on a desperate experiment. I rose as gracefully as I could; I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young lady moved to my right side; I grasped her right hand with my right hand, while she leaned her left arm on mine. In this position we walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness in the young lady, shown to a stranger. The colored man, who was the fiddler, began to put his fiddle in the best order. I then spoke to the fiddler to hold a moment, and added that for several years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God upon it, and I desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this beautiful young lady and the whole company, that had shown such an act of politeness to a total stranger.
>
> Here I grasped the young lady's hand tightly, and said, "Let us all kneel down and pray," and then instantly dropped on my knees, and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me, but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still, all looked curious. The fiddler ran off into the kitchen, saying, "Lord a marcy, what de matter? what is dat mean?"

The prayer was attended with such success that Mr. Cartwright was actually enabled to establish regular religious meetings at the place, and thirty of the dancers were "powerfully converted."

Brother Cartwright once preached before General Jackson. The General happened to come in just as he had given out the text, and the regular incumbent of the church hastily tugging at Cartwright's tail, whispered, "General Jackson has come in; General Jackson has come in." The veteran orator "felt a flash of indignation run through him like an electric shock, and facing his congregation, replied audibly, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'" The congregation burst into laughter; the parson hung his head. After service, Mr. Cartwright was warned that the General would probably chastise him for his insolence. But instead of this, old Hickory gave his hand to the preacher the first time he saw him, and said, "Mr. Cartwright, you are a man after my own heart. I highly approve of your independence. If I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you are, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England."

We make room for a couple more anecdotes, which are very characteristic.

Riding out of Springfield, Illinois, one afternoon, Mr. Cartwright's attention was attracted by shouts from a buggy close to him on the road—"Glory to God! Amen! Another sinner's down! Hallelujah!" At first he thought the sounds must come from some persons who had just arrived from a camp-meeting, and were still under the influence of the excitement; but, riding nearer, he saw that the tenants of the buggy—two men and a girl—were convulsed with laughter, and evidently mocking at him. He reined up his horse to let them proceed; but they stopped too, and sang as before: "Glory to God! Pray on, brother! Another sinner's down! Pray on!" Then he tried to pass them, but found his horse too stiff, and they continued their shouts, "Hallelujah! Another sinner's down! Another soul's converted! Pray on, brother!" till the poor preacher was distracted. The rest of the adventure he must tell in his own racy language:

> It would be hard for me to describe my feelings just about this time. It seemed to me that I was delivered over to be tormented by the devil and his imps. Just at this moment I thought of a desperate mud-hole about a quarter of a mile ahead; it was a long one, and dreadful deep mud, and many wagons had stuck in it, and had to be prized out. Near the center of this mud-hole there was a place of mud deeper than any where else. On the right stood a stump about two feet high; all the teams had to be driven as close to this stump as possible, to avoid a deep rut on the left, where many wagons had stuck; I knew there was a small bridle way that wound round through the brush to avoid the mud, and it occurred to me that when he came near this muddy place I would take the bridle way, and put my horse at the top of his speed, and by this means get away from these wretched tormentors, as I knew they could not go fast through this long reach

of mud. When we came to the commencement of the mud I took the bridle path, and put spurs and whip to my horse. Seeing I was rapidly leaving them in the rear, the driver cracked his whip, and put his horses at almost full speed, and such was their anxiety to keep up with me, to carry out their sport, that when they came to this bad place they never saw the stump on the right. The fore wheel of the wagon struck centrally on the stump, and as the wheel mounted the stump, over went the wagon. Fearing it would turn entirely over and catch them under, the two young men took a leap into the mud, and when they lighted they sunk up to the middle. The young lady was dressed in white, and as the wagon went over, she sprang as far as she could, and lighted on all fours; her hands sunk into the mud up to her armpits, her mouth and the whole of her face immersed in the muddy water, and she certainly would have strangled if the young men had not relieved her. As they helped her up and out, I had wheeled my horse to see the fun. I rode up to the edge of the mud, stopped my horse, reared in my stirrups, and shouted at the top of my voice,

"Glory to God! Glory to God! Hallelujah! another sinner's down! Glory to God! Hallelujah! Glory! Hallelujah!"

If ever mortals felt mean, these youngsters did; and well they might, for they had carried on all this sport to make light of religion, and to insult a minister, a total stranger to them. But they contemned religion, and hated the Methodists, especially Methodist preachers.

When I became tired of shouting over them, I said to them,

"Now, you poor, dirty, mean sinners, take this as a just judgment of God upon you for your meanness, and repent of your dreadful wickedness; and let this be the last time that you attempt to insult a preacher; for if you repeat your abominable sport, the next time God will serve you worse, and the devil will get you!"

Preaching at a quarterly meeting in Illinois, on one occasion, Mr. Cartwright was assisted by a "fresh, live, green Yankee from Down East," who disapproved of strong emotions. After the sermon, Mr. Cartwright requested this gentleman to "go out into the congregation to exhort sinners." One of the first persons he met was "a very large man, who weighed about 230 pounds, who had just been arrested by the power of God, and cried aloud for mercy standing on his feet." This huge penitent the little Yankee proceeded to pat soothingly on the back, exclaiming, "Be composed, brother, be composed!" Hearing this, Cartwright cried, "Pray on, brother; there's no composure in hell or damnation." The little preacher not hearing or heeding the remark, continued to pat the "convicted sinner," and to repeat, "Be composed, be composed!" Mr. Cartwright advanced to lead the man to the mourners' bench; but before he could do so, "the Lord spoke peace to his soul. Standing on his feet, he cried, 'Glory to God!' and in the ecstasy of his joy rushed forward to seize me in his arms. Missing his aim, he wheeled round and caught the little preacher, and lifted him from the floor. Being a large, powerful man, he jumped from bench to bench, knocking the people against one another on the right and left, front and rear, holding in his arms the little preacher. The little fellow stretched forth both arms and both feet, expecting every moment to be his last, and to have his neck broken." Mr. Cartwright confesses, that amidst all his emotion he would have given something to have been near enough to have patted his Yankee friend, and said, "Be composed, brother, be composed!"

In the preface to his Autobiography this fine old preacher says: "And now that I am old and well stricken in years, it has been, and is my conviction that I can not write a book that will be respectable, or one that will be worth reading." We beg to deny this, and to say—what indeed the above extracts sufficiently attest—that Mr. Cartwright's book is not only respectable, but instructive, and highly entertaining.

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

NOTHING.

The witty and profligate **Earl of Rochester**, it is well known, wrote a little poem *Upon Nothing*, which really does not amount to a great deal. It rings the changes on positives and negatives, nothings and somethings, but with little effect. The best line in it is descriptive of the Court:

"And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns."

It deserves to be better known that the novelist **Fielding** wrote an exquisite satire on this topic—*An Essay on Nothing*. There is no finer play of irony even in **Swift**. It is divided into three sections, "Of the Antiquity of Nothing," "Of the Nature of Nothing," "Of the Dignity of Nothing." The opening has an excellent hit at the materialists: "There is nothing falser than that old proverb, which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

'*Ex Nihilo Nihil fit.*'

Thus translated by **Shakspeare**, in 'Lear,'

'Nothing can come of Nothing.'

Whereas, in fact, from Nothing proceeds every Thing. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects; the only point in controversy between them being, whether Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed, the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined to the former; and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, etc., have embraced the latter."

The humorous turns upon *Nothing* are endless, the equivoque consisting in the double sense in which the word really involves a great many somethings, as in the instance: "Nothing is as well the object of our passions as our senses. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing." This little anecdote illustrates Fielding's inimitable treatment of the subject as well as any other passage: "I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet, famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself casting his eyes over the performance, testified a surprise at the dullness of the company; seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again; but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it. 'Explain it!' said the gentleman, 'why, he means **Nothing**.'"

Here it is in a syllogism:

"The respect paid to men on account of their titles, is paid at least to the supposal of their superior virtues and abilities, or it is paid to Nothing.

"But when a man is a notorious knave or fool, it is impossible there should be any such supposal.

"The conclusion is apparent."

The true manliness of **Fielding**, no less than his wit, is in this paragraph: "The most astonishing instance of this respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to Something less than Nothing; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of vices directly opposite to the virtues whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Nothing, or (if I may be allowed the word), the Nothingest of all Nothings."

A MANLY REBUKE.

There is something exceedingly noble in the conduct of **General Ziethen**, a favorite officer of **Frederick the Great** when he was entertained at that monarch's table. The story is one of the "beauties of history." The King was bantering the old soldier on his religious observances. He had been invited to the royal table on Good Friday and declined, as it was his custom on that day to receive the Sacrament and occupy himself with religious meditation. "Well, how did the Sacrament on Good Friday agree with you? have you digested well the real body and blood of Christ?" The merry company of Sans Souci laughed at the kingly sally which the meanest of his subjects should have despised, when the venerable **Ziethen** rose: "Your Majesty knows," he said, "that in war I have never feared any danger; and that, whenever it was required, I have resolutely risked my life for you and for the country. This feeling still animates me; and if it is of any use, and you command it, I will obediently lay my head at your feet. But there is One above us who is more than you or I, more than all men—the Saviour and Redeemer of the world—who has dearly purchased salvation for us with his blood. That Holy Saviour I can not allow to be ridiculed, for in Him rests my faith, my trust, and my hope in life and death. In the strength of this faith your brave army has courageously fought and conquered: if your Majesty undermines it, you undermine at the same time the welfare of the State. This is a true saying indeed. May it please your Majesty to excuse my freedom."

AN AUTHOR'S CHARITIES.

There is much humor in an anecdote of **Oliver Goldsmith** relieving the necessity of a crafty applicant. The good Doctor, with his many virtues, was, as is well known, not a little vain. The circumstance was not likely to be overlooked by his eleemosynary dependents; for there are no closer students of character than beggars and borrowers. They calculate their patron's weaknesses to a hair, with an acumen which would do honor to a **La Bruyere**. It is their business, too, to possess a very respectable knowledge of their amphitryon's hour of dining, banker's account, etc. One of this class was in the habit of asking money from **Goldsmith** immediately after the publication of a new book. It was a compliment to a successful author, and, what was of not less importance, there was a probability of cash on hand. The application succeeded several times; but money, even at that early stage, was sometimes gone. At last the Doctor suggested that, as his friend thought writing so profitable a thing, he should try a little of it for himself, and mentioned that a bookseller had just made an application for a description of China, interspersed with political reflections, which, if his friend would undertake, he would pass off as his own. The manuscript was prepared and put to press by **Goldsmith**, without reading. When printed, it was discovered that the Emperor of China was a Mohammedan, and that India lay somewhere between China and Japan! The result of the adventure was that **Goldsmith** paid the expense of canceling two sheets of the work, and was under the further necessity of kicking his newly-made author down stairs.

STATUESQUE DESCRIPTION.

Cowper, at the conclusion of his poem, "Yardly Oak," has a rare poetic image, producing an effect in verse which a sculptor might envy for his marble. The poem itself is but a fragment—one of the last great undertakings of the poet, commenced at the age of sixty. It celebrates an old tree, of the date of the Norman conquest, in Yardly Chase, within walking distance of Olney, and we may suppose the poet often to have visited it. Fancy introduces us to the early life of the tree:

"Autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil,
Designed thy cradle; and *a skipping deer,*
With pointed hoof, dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through."

The verse becomes knotted with the stubborn strength of the giant oak:

"Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy primest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber, many a load!"

We come to the concluding passage—one of the grandest **Cowper** ever wrote. We may imagine him spell-bound by the image he had created, despairing of continuing the work. It is a vision of Adam in Paradise:

"One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gazed,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor owed articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures with precision, understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and, fill'd
With love and wisdom, rendered back to Heaven,
In praise harmonious, the first air he drew.
He was excused the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charged his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems. *History, not wanted yet,*
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme."

HARD READING.

"Both **Coleridge** and **Wordsworth**," wrote **Southey** to **William Taylor**, "powerfully as they can write, and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things, easy of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended by their way of stating them: *instead of going to the natural spring for water, they seem to like the labor of digging wells.*"

A ROYAL "CUT."

Whenever Frederick, Prince of Wales, was in a room with his father the King, George II., "it put one in mind," wrote **Lord Hervey** (the Sporus of **Pope**), in his Memoirs, "of stories one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company and are invisible to the rest: wherever the Prince stood, though the King passed him ever so often or ever so near, it always seemed as if the King thought the place the Prince filled a void space." The few words are wonderfully expressive of the idea to be conveyed.

EPIGRAM.

The great statesman, **William Pitt**, and his parliamentary antagonist, **Charles James Fox**, died in the same year, 1806. Two years afterward **Lord Holland** edited his uncle's posthumous *History of the Reign of James II.*, upon which a Tory wag of the day perpetrated the following:

What patriot feels not (as he mournful weeps
O'er History's page) the blush of anger rise,
That mighty Pitt in humble woolen sleeps,
While crafty Fox in *sheets* of Holland *lies?*

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.

De Quincey tells a striking story of **Dr. Parr.** On one occasion, rising up from table in the middle of a fierce discussion with **Mrs. Parr**, he took a carving-knife and applying it to a portrait of that lady hanging upon the wall, he drew it sharply across the jugular and cut the throat of the picture from ear to ear, thus murdering her in effigy.

Parr's description of the genius of **Crowe**, the author of "Lewesdon Hill," may sometimes serve well enough for a portrait of himself. A lady once asked him how he liked that poet. "Madam, I love him," was the reply; "he is the very brandy of genius mixed with the stinking water of absurdity."

A COMPLIMENT.

A clergyman, after service, met a friend who had "sat under" him, and asked what he thought of the sermon. "Well, you were not long." "So much the better," said the rector; "I am glad I was not tedious." "But you *were* tedious," rejoined the friend.

WINTER.

A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Plodding alone thro' sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

Southey.

LITERARY.

Arctic Explorations: The second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, 1853, '54, '55, *by Elisha Kent Kane, M.D.* Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 2 vols. 8vo.

By the last steamer from Havana we have the melancholy intelligence that Dr. Kane had arrived at that port in a very feeble condition of health, and that it is much feared he will not leave Cuba alive. He went not long since to England, but was ordered to a warmer climate, and sailed direct for Cuba. An extract from a private letter, published in one of the daily papers, states that he had an attack of paralysis on the voyage.

With the history of this bold navigator and explorer every boy in the land is already familiar; and there is no country where the English language is spoken in which his name is not already known. The first expedition from America in search of Sir John Franklin was nobly conceived in the heart of a generous man, and carried out by the cool intrepid brain of a young and devoted American, who, it is much to be feared, has fallen a victim to his ardor in the pursuit of knowledge, and the desire to aid his suffering fellow-men. The second expedition was like the first; and with its results most persons are acquainted. These volumes contain in a thrilling narrative the whole history of the voyage, and they are written in that graphic, enchanting style for which the first work of Dr. Kane was celebrated, and in which no one excels him. He is one of the few men who know how to conduct a great, arduous, and dangerous enterprise, and after it is ended to write a brilliant and readable account of its adventures.

The search for the Northwest Passage was commenced almost immediately after the discovery of America by Columbus, and has been most pertinaciously and perseveringly continued until the year 1850, when Captain M'Clure succeeded in effecting the first communication ever made in the Arctic regions between persons who came into them from the Atlantic and others who came from the Pacific.

Prior to the sixteenth century the traditional accounts of the wonders to be seen in the frozen regions were various and astounding. Perhaps that most generally received was the story promulgated in the name of one Knox, of Brabant, who pretended that he had approached sufficiently near the north pole to describe the country thereabout. He said, "under the Arctic pole is said to be a black rock of wondrous height, about thirty-three leagues in compass, the land adjoining being torn by the sea into four great islands; for the ocean violently breaking through it, and disgorging itself by nineteen channels, maketh four *Euripi* or fierce whirlpools, by which the waters are finally carried toward the north, and then swallowed in the bowels of the earth." And he also described an island, lying between two of these whirlpools, inhabited by pigmies, the tallest of them not over a foot high.

The fifteenth century was a period when such tales were readily accepted and adopted for truth; but the following century was one of progress, and expedition after expedition sailed for the northern coast of America.

In 1497 Sebastian Cabot tried the Northwest Passage, under sailing orders of Henry VII. of England. The English began the search, and have faithfully continued it. Cabot reached only 67° north latitude, and was compelled, by a mutiny, to return. In 1500 Corterialis, a Portuguese, sailed along the coast, and gave his name to the northern part of what we now know as Lower Canada, which bore the name of Corterialis for a century. Frobisher attempted the passage in 1579, and two voyages made afterward; and Davies, with more success than his predecessors had found, in 1585.

But up to the close of the following century the people of Europe and of North America remained in lamentable ignorance of the character of the northern seas, and of the inhabitants of our northern shores.

Perhaps no better illustration of this ignorance can be given than is found in old Heylyn, who in 1657, just two hundred years ago, wrote of the northern part of the West coast as follows:

"*Quivira*, taking up the most northern parts of this side of America, is said to be very plain and level, of few trees, not many houses, nor much stored of people, quite destitute of fruits and corn, and yielding nothing for man's life but the flesh of beasts, which they eat raw, and swallow down in great bits without chewing. The men appareled in bulls' skins from the head to the feet. The women, though in a cold country, with no other garment than their hair, which they wear so long that it serveth them instead of a vail to hide their nakednesse." . . . . "The country being full of herbage, breeds great store of cattel, differing not much in bignesse from those of Europe, but that they have an high bunch betwixt their shoulders; bristled upon the back like boars, with somewhat which resembleth the mane in horses and the beard in goats," etc., etc.

From this it appears that the most northern part of the West coast known to that age was not far north of Oregon.

From that time to the present, expeditions to the North have been frequent. The rapidity of southern passages, the railway across the Isthmus, the steam communication with the Indies by the overland route from England—these would long ago have ended the search for a northwest passage, had not Sir John Franklin and his crews disappeared in the ice regions, and the search after them made new expeditions necessary, as well on behalf of the lost as of the hundreds of anxious watchers at home. For in the name of Sir John Franklin has been too much absorbed all the interest of this great loss; and the wives and children of others (his 146 officers and crews) have been almost forgotten.

Thus far the result of the expeditions has been valuable only to geographical and scientific purposes, and there is a terrible debit side of the account against Arctic explorations. Treasure, health, and life have been sacrificed without adequate, almost without any, return or benefit.

A year ago a friend of ours was in the heart of Nubia, sitting among a boat's crew of eighteen swarthy Africans reading letters just received from America by the hands of a traveler whom he had met. The crew, deeply interested in all that concerned their master, demanded if he had news from his own country, and what it was. And he, seated in the warm sunshine on deck, proceeded to enlighten them on American matters. Among other things was the intelligence of the safety of Dr. Kane and his party; and he recounted the history of the expeditions to their wondering ears. At the account of the countries where the snow and ice are perpetual, and there is no sunrise for six moons and no sunset for six more, they uttered a devout "Inshallah!"—thereby meaning to say that it pleased God that so it should be. As the history of Sir John Franklin was related, and one and another of the expeditions in search of him, their interest became intense, and was manifested—Moslem fashion—by many exclamations of trust in Allah, until they heard the story of this last expedition, and that the letters brought word of the thrilling discovery of Dr. Kane and his party by Captain Hartstein in the harbor of Godhavn, when they unanimously uttered the "La Illah il Allah! Allahu Akbar!"—("There is no Deity but God. God is great"); and all that evening, drifting down the Nile, they talked to each other of the strange story they had heard from the American country.

ESSAYS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, OR STUDIES OF CHARACTER. By *Henry T. Tuckerman.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

It is the highest success of the student to be able to form a just estimate of the characters of those whose influence has been greatest on the several ages in which they have lived. It is an easy matter to judge of one class of men, to study philosophers in the history of philosophy, to know poets of all ages, to become acquainted with learned theologians or accomplished dramatists. To any one of these classes a man may devote himself until he may be said to have accomplished a thorough knowledge of the leaders in that particular department of learning and influence. But Mr. Tuckerman has excelled in a vastly more difficult undertaking.

As evidence of his success, we may point to the titles of his several Essays, in which, with rare skill and felicity, he has embodied the distinguishing characteristic of each person, thereby showing his own ability to place men and to give them names, whatever their peculiar employments or accomplishments. Thus we have "Lord Chesterfield, the man of the world;" "Sir Kenelm Digby, the modern knight;" "Chateaubriand, the poet of the old régime;" "Roger Williams, the tolerant colonist;" "Sydney Smith, the genial Churchman;" "Sir David Wilkie, the painter of character," and others, thirty in all; almost every one of which is admirably characterized and described by the author's title. We could have wished one or two different, as, for example, Franklin, in whose character the world is fast getting to view, through distance, another man than "the American philosopher;" but in the main, the titles, as well as the Essays, are life-studies, from examination of which readers will derive much profit and interest. Mr. Tuckerman is a graceful writer and an accomplished literary scholar, and there is a charm in all that his pen produces which his readers always remember. While the sketches of character here given contain nothing new in historical facts, they are nevertheless given with artistic skill, and each one is a picture that is not only evidence of the artist's complete appreciation of his subject, but is itself an agreeable aid to the student and the reader of history.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

A. S. Barnes & Co.

First Lessons in English Grammar. By S. W. Clarke, A.M. 1 vol. 16mo, 30 cents.

Carlton & Porter.

Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher. Edited by W. P. Strickland. 1 vol. 12mo.

A. D. F. Randolph.

The Man of Business Considered in his Various Relations. By James W. Alexander, D.D., John Todd, D.D., W. B. Sprague, D.D., etc., etc. 1 vol. 12mo.

The Orphan Nieces; or, Duty and Inclination. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. 1 vol. small 12mo.

PHILADELPHIA.

T. H. Stockton.

Historical Books of the New Testament. 5 vols. 24mo, in a box, $2 to $5.

BOSTON.

Gould & Lincoln.

Yahveh Christ; or, the Memorial Name. By Alexander M'Whorter Introductory Letter by Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., Professor in Yale Theological Seminary. 1 vol. 16mo.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

The American Almanac for 1857.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 6th, the only feature of interest was a discussion of the President's Message, in which Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, took part on the Democratic, and Mr. Davis, of Maryland, on the Know Nothing side.—On Wednesday, Mr. Harlan's case was discussed in the Senate, and the discussion of the President's Message was continued in the House by Messrs. Barclay and Sandidge.—There was no session on Thursday, that day being the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.—On Friday, a bill was introduced into the Senate by Senator Seward, for the establishment of the Transatlantic Telegraph, after which the case of Mr. Harlan was discussed. In the House, after the passage of several private bills, Mr. Kelsey drew attention to an article in the *New York Daily Times*, and moved that a Committee of Inquiry be appointed to investigate the statements contained therein. After a long and acrimonious discussion, in which Mr. Paine, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Campbell of Ohio, Mr. Grow, Mr. Walker, Mr. Brenton, and other members took part, the resolution for a committee was adopted. The Speaker appointed the following gentlemen on the committee:

W. H. Kelsey, of New York, Republican.
J. L. Orr, of South Carolina, Democrat.
H. Winter Davis, of Maryland, American.
D. Ritchie, of Pennsylvania, Republican.
H. Warner, of Georgia, Democrat.

The committee organized without delay, and appointed as clerk an expert stenographic reporter, in order that the facts elicited may be accurately recorded and placed before the public. It is stated that the necessary steps will be taken to insure the attendance of witnesses, even if a special act of Congress should be required to effect so indispensable an object. The Committee had instructed their chairman to offer a resolution asking the House to enlarge their powers. This has been done, and the House has granted the most ample scope to their inquiries. Over thirty witnesses have been summoned already. It is understood that the committee will be empowered to take cognizance of and investigate acts of corruption that may have taken place at any time from the commencement of the present Congress down to the present moment.—On Saturday, Mr. Grow presented a petition from Governor Reeder, claiming the seat in Congress occupied by Mr. Whitfield. Referred to Committee on Elections. On Monday, in the Senate, after a lengthy debate, the Iowa election case was decided by the adoption of the resolution offered by the Judiciary Committee, that Mr. Harlan was not entitled to the seat. In the House, Mr. Benson reported back the Senate bill, amendatory of the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy, which provides for the restoration of such dropped, furloughed, or retired officers as may favorably be reported on, through courts-martial, the finding being approved by the President. The bill was adopted. The committee to investigate alleged corruptions in this Congress was authorized to go back to the commencement of the first session. A resolution of inquiry was adopted, having in view such reorganization of the United States' Judicial Districts as will equalize the business of the Courts.

PICTURES FOR THE CAPITOL.

The Library Committee at Washington have invited Horace Vernet, the celebrated French painter, to execute a battle-piece for the new Capitol Extension. The invitation has been accepted, and the artist may be expected in the United States during the coming spring. He is now engaged upon a picture for Louis Napoleon, representing the Storming of the Malakoff, and as soon as that is completed he will be here. No price is agreed upon.

Among the new works of art at Washington, we note a series of six pictures illustrative of our naval history, painted by George R. West of this place, viz.: Battle of the *Constitution* and *Guerriere;* Perry's Victory on Lake Erie; Cutting out of the *Philadelphia* in the port of Tripoli by Decatur; Violation of the Neutrality Laws by Great Britain in the Destruction of the Privateer *General Armstrong* in the port of Fayal; Engagement of the *Bonhomme Richard* and *Serapis;* and the Launch of the *Minnesota* at the Navy Yard. Mr. West has presented designs for another room, and we hope he will be allowed more space and the liberty to regulate the ornamental designs to suit his pictures.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The New York Legislature has been very busy; an unusual amount of work has been done. Nothing of any particular moment has occurred.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

This body met on 7th. Charles A. Phelps was elected Speaker of the House. Governor Gardner sent in his Message on 9th. It is a lengthy document. In reference to the Kansas question, he says, "Although it was freely asserted and widely believed that the question of Freedom or Slavery in Kansas would hinge upon the result of the election, and although had it terminated in a different manner, the probability of her admission into the Union as a Free State would have been materially strengthened, yet recent developments give strong hopes that the present chief executive officer of that Territory, in contradistinction to his predecessor, will administer the laws fairly and impartially, will protect actual settlers in their just rights, and will resist the intrusion of non-residents for illegal purposes. Such are the convictions of those on the spot most capable of judging, and most effectively aiding in the accomplishment of these desired purposes." After regretting the result of the Presidential election, he adds, "Our citizens have the bitter assurance of knowing that that decision, that action was fixed, and that step taken by the casting votes of aliens born, aliens unnaturalized, and aliens entirely ignorant of our institutions and grossly callous to the vast interests involved in this stupendous issue. While this horde of foreign-born votes has thus stricken down a noble cause which appealed to the moral sentiment and enlightened patriotism of our country, it only affords another confirmation of a fact which our whole history establishes—that the foreign vote, with hardly an exception, always has been, and, in the nature of things, will and must be attracted to that party which, under high-sounding generalities on the abstract rights of man, always practically co-operates with Slavery at the South, and banishes from its platform the moral questions and nobler instincts and more enlightened sentiments of the age."

On the same day, Hon. Charles Sumner was re-elected United States Senator by the House, by a vote of 333 against 12, these latter being divided between Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, William Appleton, and N. J. Lord.

The Senate has yet to vote upon the question.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

This body met on 7th instant. Charles A. Spofford was elected Speaker of the House. Governor Hamlin took the oath on the following day, and sent in his Message. He declared that the true question in the Presidential election was, substantially, whether the advancement of Freedom should continue to be a fundamental principle and a pre-eminent object of our National Government; whether the line marked out by the Constitution, or whether its powers should be perverted to the extension of Slavery. He then rehearsed the policy of our fathers, looking at the prohibition of Slavery in the Territories, and briefly stated the object of the Compromise of 1820. He disavowed for the Republicans any design of interfering with Slavery in the States, but says they will oppose in every local way its extension over the Territories.

He spoke of the sufferings of his fellow-citizens in Kansas, and urged upon the Legislature the expediency of contributing to their aid, should the present state of things continue. He considered an implied pledge to have been given in the late election that the present liquor law should not be disturbed at this session. He recommended the ultimate submission of the matter to the people. The Governor took occasion to answer, in the strongest terms, the action of the last Legislature, by which a Judge of the Supreme Court was removed for expressing an opinion.

A SCENE IN THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

This body organized on 5th inst., as was stated in our last number. A quarrel arose between Mr. Bridges, the late Clerk, who insisted on presiding, and the temporary President chosen by the members. The Speaker directed the Clerk *pro tem.* to call the roll of the House and see how many members were present. Mr. Bridges protested, called the Speaker to order, declared himself the presiding officer, and demanded that the members address him. The Speaker several times called Mr. Bridges to order, and Mr. Bridges again called the Speaker to order. Every one began to be somewhat excited at this stage of proceeding. Mr. Arnold, of Chicago, commenced making a speech for the purpose of sustaining Bridges.

MR. ARNOLD. "Mr. Speaker, I wish to make a few remarks."

SPEAKER. "Does the gentleman recognize me as the Speaker?"

ARNOLD. "No, Sir."

SPEAKER. "Then the gentleman is out of order, and will take his seat. The Clerk will proceed to call the roll."

BRIDGES. "I protest. I have my rights here, and intend to maintain them. I am presiding officer of this House, and intend to maintain my rights."

SPEAKER. "Order."

BRIDGES. "I call you to order, Sir."

LOGAN, of Jackson. "Mr. Speaker, I move that the Sergeant-at-arms, *pro tem.*, be instructed to take Mr. Bridges out of the House, if he persists in his course."

BRIDGES. "I call you to order, Sir."

Logan's motion being seconded, and the question being put and carried, the Speaker directed the Sergeant-at-arms to show Mr. Bridges the door.

Mr. Greathouse, Sergeant-at-arms, walked up to Mr. Bridges, and politely informed him that he was directed to show him out. Bridges told him to keep his hands off, or he would get hurt. Greathouse took him by the collar, when Bridges struck him, and then commenced the scene. They clinched, while many of the members made up to the scene of action to assist the Sergeant in the discharge of his duties.

After some considerable wrestling, knocking over chairs, desks, inkstands, men, and things generally, Mr. Bridges was got out with his coat "shockingly torn." Five or six assistant Sergeants-at-arms were then appointed to keep order, and the House proceeded to business. After the members had been sworn in, the House adjourned until three o'clock the same afternoon.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

Governor Matteson sent in his Message on 6th. He confines himself, for the most part, to financial topics. He says that the total State indebtedness, on the 1st of January, 1857, was $12,834,000. The amount liquidated during the past four years was $4,500,000. Balance in the Treasury, on the 1st of January, $215,000. He says there is no doubt the State is fully able to pay interest regularly in future, and to extinguish the whole debt within seven years. Thinks the revenue from the Central Railroad will soon pay the entire expenses of the Government, leaving a surplus from the Illinois and Michigan Canal for charitable and beneficial purposes in the discretion of the Legislature. He says that no proposition or attempt has been made, within his knowledge, to release the Company from the payment of seven per cent. of its earnings, according to its charter. The difficulties arising from the failure of Wadsworth and Sheldon, Agents of the State, may yet be arranged without loss to the State. Recommends a revision of the Revenue Laws as applied to banks and railroads; recommends the establishment of a Department of Agriculture in connection with the State Department. The proposition for a Convention to amend the Constitution having failed, he recommends a careful inquiry into the means for avoiding the serious evils of the present system.

CAN A GOVERNOR FIGHT A DUEL?

A curious question has arisen with regard to the newly-elected Governor of Illinois, William H. Bissell. It seems that he was charged during the canvass with having accepted a challenge to fight a duel in Washington, and that consequently he was ineligible to fill the office. The Constitution of the State declares that any person who shall fight a duel, or send or accept a challenge, shall be deprived of the right of holding any office in the State. Mr. Bissell has written a letter in which, without denying the charge, he declares that the power of the Constitution does not extend beyond the confines of the State, and therefore can not have any effect in disqualifying a person who violates its provisions in any other section. He says, if he lives until the appointed time for his inauguration, he shall, with a conscience clear of wrong before God and man, take the constitutional oath.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

This body met on 6th inst. and organized. Governor Pollock represents the finances of that State as in a favorable condition. The revenue for the next year is estimated as likely to exceed the ordinary expenses by a million and a half of dollars. With a liberal allowance for extraordinary expenses, this would leave a million to be applied to the extinguishment of the debt, which now amounts to a little over forty millions. The annual increase of revenue ought to meet any reasonable increase of expenses, leaving at least a million to be annually appropriated to the debt, which might, by this operation alone, be extinguished in less than twenty-three years.

In national politics he claims for Pennsylvania a conservative position; and, on the strength of that position, protests energetically against the attempt to force slavery into Kansas, and the recent proposition by the Governor of South Carolina for the revival of the slave-trade.

The Democrats, in caucus, have nominated Colonel John W. Forney for United States Senator. The Republicans have made no nomination, but it is thought that they will support Mr. Cameron. It is understood that the Democrats have a small majority. Up to this time, however, the Senate has refused to go into the joint convention for nominating a Senator. The last vote in this sense was 17 to 14. It appears to be their intention not to meet the House.

MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

This body met on 7th. On the following day Governor Bingham sent in a message, in which he says the State debt is two and a quarter millions; recommends memorializing Congress for an additional donation to defray the expenses of perfecting the Sault St. Marie Canal; also recommends the adoption of measures for the relief of Michigan emigrants in Kansas, and the passage of resolutions of instruction to Senators relative to slavery in the Territories and the Fugitive Slave Law.

The Republicans in caucus have nominated Zachariah Chandler, of Detroit, for United States Senator.

MISSOURI LEGISLATURE.

This body is busily engaged in electing two United States Senators.

The Democrats, in caucus, on Saturday night, nominated James S. Green for United States Senator for the short term. The Know Nothings have nominated Luther M. Kennett and W. F. Switzler as their candidates.

INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

On 8th inst. Governor Wright read his message to the Legislature. He shows the expenses of the State government for 1855 to have been $147,442 61, and for 1856, $159,522 63. He recommends the passage of a law for the re-appraisement of the landed property for taxable purposes. The entire amount of the funded debt of the State outstanding, of the 5 per cent. stocks, is $5,156,560, and of the 2½ per cent. stock, $1,812,517. The exhibit of the Common School Fund, including the estimated value of the Sinking Fund in the State bank to date, amounts to $4,912,012 42. He recommends that the Sinking Fund Commissioners should be directed, by law, to invest the funds that accumulate in their hands in the stocks of the State.

RHODE ISLAND LEGISLATURE.

This body met on 6th and proceeded to business. The Hon. James F. Simmons has been elected United States Senator from this State.

KANSAS.

The Free State Legislature met at Topeka on 6th inst., and, after a short session, adjourned to next day. A quorum was not formed, but a United States Deputy-Marshal was on hand, who arrested seven of the members present, and was prepared to arrest some twenty more, on charges of high treason. The writ is said to have been issued by Judge Cato; over thirty names were attached to it. The prisoners were taken to Tecumseh for trial.

Governor Robinson had resigned. Lieutenant-Governor Roberts was in the Territory, but failed to attend, and much dissatisfaction prevailed in consequence.

The President of the Senate would deliver the annual message as acting Governor.

WHO WROTE JOHN HALIFAX?

Miss Dinah Muloch, the authoress of John Halifax, has written a letter clearing up the much-vexed question of the authorship of John Halifax Gentleman. She says,

"Believing that the public has a right only to the books and never to the individuality of an author, having likewise a personal dislike to publicity, so strong that in no case have I put my name to any books of mine, I must confess that this controversy about my identity, which you forwarded to me, has given me considerable pain. Nevertheless, I am keenly sensible of the warm kindness of my American readers, of the pleasure of having given pleasure to so many, and having aroused such friendly feelings in friends unknown—which friends I hope to keep still, in the only way in which I care to be known out of my own home circle—namely, through my writings.

"And with this open acknowledgment of them, together with my thanks to all those who took so much trouble to establish my right to the same, I end the matter, and hope it *will* so end."

THE NAPOLEON OF MEDICINE.

Dr. Valentine Mott performed the operation last month, for the forty-fourth time, of tying the carotid artery in the living subject. The Napoleon of surgeons is now 71 years old, yet is as straight as ever, and as young at heart as when 50 years younger. He does not even wear glasses when he operates, and the man is not extant who ever saw his hand tremble.

FLOGGING A WITCH TO DEATH.

About a month since, it seems, a young lady of Matamoros was taken sick, and an old lady in the neighborhood, reported to have some skill in the virtue of herbs, was solicited to visit and administer to the patient. From some cause or other the old lady failed to attend, and suspicious reports were circulated that the old lady had bewitched the young one. The authorities were petitioned to compel the attendance of the old one. Officers were sent to take her before her supposed victim, and these miserably ignorant wretches reported that they on several occasions repaired to her domicile and could not find her at home, but found instead a suspicious-looking black cat. After several efforts, however, they found the old woman at home instead of her cat, and she was taken to the presence of the invalid. But her herbs failing to restore the sick to health, and the meddlesome black cat persisting in following its owner, and being by the neighbors found in the room of the invalid instead of her mistress, fixed the opinion fast in the minds of these ignorant people that the old woman and the black cat were one and the same person; that she, being a witch, could take the form of the cat and assume her own shape at will—that the invalid was a victim to her diabolical art. With these convictions, it is said, they sought out the unfortunate old creature, and actually tied her up, and with thongs cruelly flogged her to death as a witch.

In justice to the civil authorities of Matamoros, we are happy to state that they were not a party to the tragic part of this singular transaction, and that they were prompt in arresting the actors.

A MARSHALSEA AND A DORRIT IN VIRGINIA.

An old man named Gregg, who had been confined in Fauquier County jail since the first of October, 1846, for debt, under the old law, was released on Christmas-day by Jailer Cross, there being nothing left in the hands of the law to pay his jail expenses. This man had property enough to pay the debt against him, but he preferred spending his weary hours within the gloomy walls of the county prison to paying the debt which he owed. The person who had confined him has been dead for some years, but put a provision in his will appropriating a sufficient amount to keep him in limbo as long as he lived. Somehow or other this stipulation has given out, and, of course, Gregg becomes free again. When he left the jail door, he appeared to be perfectly bewildered, and did not know which way to travel, but in a short time he became fully conscious of his freedom, and strutted about with the air of one who knew what liberty used to be in "by-gone days."

JOHN BARNEY SETTLES THE AFFAIRS OF THE NATION.

PORTICO, *Saturday.*

To the Editors of the Union.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your authorized contradiction of my statement "that General Cass had been tendered and would accept the premiership," I submit the following statement of facts:

On New-Year's day I met the venerable and venerated statesman at the hospitable mansion of the Secretary of State, and congratulated him and the country on the prospect of his succession. He significantly replied, "It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Barney." This I naturally interpreted into an acknowledgment that the bargainer had performed his part of the contract, and it only required the other party—the venerable gentleman himself—to complete it. I announced it in *strict confidence* to one hundred, and he received general congratulations.

The splendid mansion now occupied by the Secretary of State was suggested to him as a suitable residence. He looked approvingly around, and smiled acquiescence.

About to publish a memoir, it is all-important to me to know how to dispose of it most advantageously.

I sing the song of the flower girl in the streets of London:

"Primroses, primroses—who'll buy my primroses?"

Shall I give the copyright away? publish on my own account? or sell to the highest bidder?

Desirous to elicit public opinion, I have scattered specimen chapters broadcast throughout the land—asked a *gratuitous* publication. The regular price of eight cents a line would amount to more than the work will ever produce to me or my heirs.

Knowing the selection of the *Premier* to be all-important, I wrote by mail and by telegraph to editors all over the United States; to the *Herald*, of course, and my chapters, headed General Jackson, forthwith appeared.

Subsequently, in the Senate Chamber, I urged on General Cass his acceptance on the ground of its appropriate fitness. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, had winged their flights to heaven, leaving him—*ultima Romanorum*—sole survivor of the illustrious quartette. You still live, mature in judgment, ripe in experience, intellectual vigor, and can not be permitted to retire at a most interesting epoch in our history; must fulfill our destiny as a safe pilot in whom your party have entire confidence.

His reply, the precise words of which I forbear to record lest I should unintentionally misquote them.

"Verba volent scripta manent."

We separated under a firm conviction that LEWIS CASS, and nobody else, will be Secretary of State on the 4th of March.

The discreet and judicious policy manifested during the late canvass by the President elect, in permitting all aspirants to hope, but none to be certain of appointment—none to be embittered by disappointment—is still persevered in.

He is and ever has been most sagacious. He is truly a Unitarian. He sees and has seen but one object for thirty years. He reminds me of the Duchess of Marlborough. She asked Charles James Fox for a charade. On what subject? Myself, of course, was the prompt reply:

My first is myself in a very short word.
I, myself—*i. e.*, James Buchanan.
My second, a girl's plaything;
And you are my third. My Idol.
Non committal "*qui facit per alium facit per se.*"

His confidential friends have apprised General Cass of his wishes, and they will be acceded to.

One only exception to his habitual reserve about the construction of his Cabinet was made known to me. Twenty years since, looking forward to the event which has just occurred, I arranged myself as a member thereof, and within the last month formally released him from all promises which he never made, to confer on me the Navy Department.

The correspondence is rich, and will be furnished for publication on Monday. I have made up my mind definitely not to become a Cabinet Minister during the next Presidential term.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN BARNEY.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN ILLINOIS.

Mr. William Crozier, of Monmouth, Ill., a poor mechanic, was in love with a Miss Fleming, a lady belonging to a wealthy family of the same place. The Fleming family were violently opposed to the marriage, and undertook to break it off. They sent the lady to Pennsylvania, and during her absence two of her brothers had an affray with the lover, in which they both lost their lives. The melancholy story is thus told by an eye-witness, William Halloway:

"William Fleming came to my house, and said he wished me to assist him in obtaining some notes in the possession of defendant, and also wished me to draw up a paper; afterward William Fleming and the two boys came up in my office, and I drew up a paper for him; he requested me to go with him to defendant's room, to have an interview with defendant, to obtain certain letters written by a member of his family to defendant; that he had sent Henry to obtain the defendant's consent to an interview; we walked together to Mr. Baldwin's, and Henry invited us up to defendant's room; the defendant asked us to be seated, and commenced building a fire; Henry Fleming remarked that we didn't want a fire—that we came for other business; they told him they wanted to see the letters, to see if they corresponded with his statement; the defendant said he did not have the letters now, but that he did have them at one time; he finally produced them for me to read; the paper I drew had not then been shown to the defendant; after it was shown he declined signing it. I then, after consideration, struck out certain portions of it, and in a manner rewrote it: he hesitated about signing it: I advised him to consult his friends before doing so; he said he did not know who to consult, as he did not have many friends; I went out with Henry Fleming and his father to speak with them; I then saw John Fleming standing at the door; William Fleming expressed himself satisfied with the contents of the letters, but thought that he ought to be whipped; I told them I considered him under my protection, and that if they intended any thing of the kind to wait until they met him out upon the street, or somewhere else; they promised not to attack him there; the defendant desired a conversation with me; I had a conversation with him concerning the paper; Henry Fleming came into the room and said the time was up; they couldn't wait any longer; he was excited; then John Fleming came in; I thought, from his manner, I could not restrain him; he appeared more excited than either of the others; pistols were drawn by John and Henry Fleming at that time; I made them put them in their pockets; the defendant claimed my protection *there*—emphasizing the word "there;" I went down stairs and told Mr. Baldwin to come up, thinking his presence might restrain them; coming up, I saw James Crozier on the steps; he beckoned to me and inquired about his brother; he went to the door and looked in; remained in the passage; John Fleming came in the room and approached the defendant; the defendant made a remark about three of them being there; Henry Fleming remarked that he would give him the same kind of weapon he had, and they would settle it between them; John Fleming interposed, and drew out a whip and commenced striking the defendant; Henry Fleming drew a pistol several times, and I think had it in his hands the whole time; a struggle then commenced; I saw the defendant strike with a knife once or twice at John Fleming; at that time William Fleming and James Crozier came into the room, and a general scuffle ensued; the three Flemings attacked the defendant; James Crozier came in and mingled in the fight; as they got near the door I saw the defendant strike Henry Fleming with the knife; about this time John Fleming cocked a pistol; I threw it up and it was discharged above his head; I caught the knife from the defendant, pushed James Crozier and the defendant into defendant's room, and told them to stay there; I turned around, and John Fleming was sinking down in the corner of the hall; we carried him into an adjoining room, and laid him on a bed, and sent for a physician.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CHILD STEALING.

A man named Crawford of Cleveland, Ohio, lately separated from his wife. They had three children. The wife says the husband, after five days' watching, succeeded in stealing the children from her. Upon getting possession of them the father placed them in a Catholic school or asylum, and prohibited all communication between the mother and her children. The children remained there for about two months, when the father brought them to Vincennes and placed them in the Catholic Asylum there.

On Wednesday last she visited the asylum; with what emotions of heart and anxiety of soul she entered the building can be better imagined than described. Many of the children were at play; but her little darlings were not on the play-ground. One of the little fellows directed her attention to the basement rooms. Upon going in she saw one that she fancied might be her own babe. But among so many children, and in such an excited state of mind, she was almost ready to distrust herself. She inquired the name of the little cherub. "Willie Crawford," answered one of the pupils. The mother needed no further evidence. She sprang to the child, a bright little fellow of about two years and a half, and darted from the room, and ran away with her darling. Some of the attendants made pursuit, overtook the mother, and were about to take the child from her, when some persons on the street interfered in the mother's behalf. She then applied to an attorney, who procured her a writ of habeas corpus for the children, and they are now in the custody of the Sheriff.

THE EFFECTS OF A STEADY COURSE OF WHIPPING.

An amusing case came before the Supreme Court of Kentucky quite recently. A gentleman, the owner of a fish-pond, had whipped some boys for fishing in it. One of the boy's parents sued for damages, and the case was finally carried up to the Supreme Court. Mr. John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President elect, and Garret Davis appeared for the owner of the pond, and Tom Marshall for the boy's father. Mr. Breckinridge contended that the whipping was wholesome, and such as he had often got in his youth.

Tom Marshall, in reply, said that both gentlemen had endeavored to magnify him into a very great man—Kentucky's greatest lawyer and orator; and both, in their political speeches, were in the habit of expressing great confidence in the sagacity and intelligence of the people. Now, he wished them to inform the Court how it was that, with such great superiority of natural genius and acquirements, and with the additional advantage of years over at least one of his adversaries, he remained plain Tom Marshall, hammering a miserable existence out of a few law-suits at the bar; "while you," pointing to his opponent, John C. Breckinridge, "who were but a tow-headed shaver, robbing birds'-nests and playing marbles, when the whole broad Commonwealth of Kentucky was ringing from one end to the other with praises of the great eloquence, vast learning, and prodigious ability of Tom Marshall, are now Vice-President of the United States! And you, Garret Davis, wanted to be, and almost persuaded some very weak-minded people to make you, President of the United States!"

"Now," proceeded Tom, "our Vice-President says he used to be flogged in his boyish days for just such tricks as my client's son was flogged for, and he leaves us to infer that, so far from suffering any damage thereby, it was one of the causes of his progress and advancement to his present high position. If my client had known this before, and if he could be satisfied that his son was spanked on the same spot that my distinguished friend was, so far from bringing in this suit, he would have acknowledged his profound gratitude to the defendant for thus placing his scion in the line of safe precedents, and giving him so strong a claim on the Vice-Presidency. Doubtless the political misfortunes and disasters of my other distinguished friend are attributable to the fact that, as his spanking was neglected in boyhood, he has to make up for it by receiving nothing but political spanks ever since he reached manhood."

DANGER OF USING CHARCOAL.

A day or two since two servant girls of E. H. Mann, residing at Tubby Hook, on the Hudson River, put a kettle of burning charcoal in their room before going to bed. As they were not up at the usual hour, the coachman rapped upon their door and called them, but received no answer. After waiting some time, he rapped again, and, still receiving no answer, concluded something was wrong, and entered the room, when he discovered that they were both dead.

DR. KANE.

The public will be delighted to learn that this eminent man, whose health was despaired of a short while since, and who was said to be suffering under a combined attack of consumption and paralysis, is much better; confident hopes are said to be entertained of his recovery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE RESOLUTE.

Captain Hartstein and his officers continue to be fêted by the English. Individuals and corporations vie with each other in offering them hospitality. At one of the last dinners given to them, Mr. Croskey, U. S. Consul at Portsmouth, made a humorous speech on the relations between the two countries, in which he paraphrased the well-known hymn as follows:

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
  For God hath made them so;
Let Turks and Russians growl and fight,
  For 'tis their nature too.
But Anglo-Saxons should never let
  Their angry passions rise,
Their great big hands were never made
  To tear each other's eyes.

Captain Hartstein has dined with Lord Palmerston at Broadlands. A daguerreotype of the officers of the *Resolute* has been taken, by order of the Queen; it will probably adorn Windsor Castle one of these days.

The ship-owners' association of Liverpool have presented an address to Captain Hartstein, in which they say:

"We recognize in this act of the United States a generous testimony of the kindly feelings of its Government and people to the British nation, and of an earnest wish to foster those sentiments of mutual regard and esteem which constitute the real basis of cordial enmity and enduring peace.

"The circumstances of a common ancestry and a common language, a similarity of laws, and in many respects an identity of interests, to say nothing of private friendships and personal ties, unite your country to ours by bonds which can not easily be severed; but spontaneous acts of friendship by the one nation to the other, such as that which it has been your pleasing duty to accomplish, are the best evidence to mankind at large of the indissoluble character of those bonds, and engender the utmost confidence in the nations themselves that the peace which has so long happily subsisted between them will continue undisturbed.

"This association, representing the shipping interest of this port, has witnessed this graceful act on the part of the United States with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. Our flags and those of your country are blended together in the harbors of commerce throughout the world; and we rejoice upon every occasion when the good feelings which the trading community of each country bear toward each other are encouraged by more than ordinary acts of friendship on the part of either of their Governments."

MUNIFICENCE OF A POET.

The will of John Kenyon, the poet, has just been made public; and it appears that this most liberal man was liberal to the last. Among those who have shared most liberally in this harvest of good-will, Mr. and Mrs. Browning receive £10,000, Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall), £6000, and Dr. Southey a very handsome sum, £8000. We hear that there are about eighty legatees, many of them the old literary friends of the deceased poet.

ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.

The officers of the U. S. frigate *Merrimac*, lately at Southampton, have been entertained by Lord Hardwicke. They say:

"Lord Hardwicke's family consists of his countess, his eldest son (about 18 or 20, and Lord Royston by courtesy), three of the finest looking daughters you ever saw, and several younger sons. The daughters—Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mary, and Lady Agnita—are surpassingly beautiful: such development, such rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, and unaffected manners, you rarely see combined. They take a great deal of outdoor exercise, and came on board the *Merrimac* in a heavy rain, with Irish thicker soled shoes than you or I ever wore, and cloaks and dresses almost impervious to wet. They steer their father's yacht, walk the Lord knows how many miles, and don't care a cent about rain, besides doing a host of other things that would shock our ladies to death; and yet in the parlor are the most elegant women in their satin shoes and diamonds I ever saw.

"After dinner, the ladies play and sing for us, and the other night they got up a game of 'Blindman's Buff,' in which the ladies said we had the advantage, inasmuch as their 'petticoats' rustled so that they were easily caught. They call things by their names here. In the course of the game, Lord Hardwicke himself was blindfolded, and, trying to catch some one, fell over his daughter's lap on the floor, when two or three of the girls caught him by the legs and dragged his lordship, roaring with laughter, as we all were, on his back into the middle of the floor. Yet they are perfectly respectful, but appear on a perfect equality with each other. In fact, the English are a great people. Two clubs here have offered us the use of their rooms."

AN ECONOMICAL BARON.

On the 20th of December a fierce-looking military man was brought up before a stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool under the following circumstances: Two days after the sailing of the royal mail steamship Persia from New York, the prisoner was discovered among the passengers. He had not paid his fare, had only 1s. 6d., besides a clean collar or two and a piece of soap, in his pockets, and was without luggage of any description, not even having a change of linen. He gave his name as Baron Rochow, and stated that he was private secretary to the Prussian Minister at Washington. On the Persia entering the Mersey, a warrant was obtained for his apprehension on a charge of making the voyage without having paid his passage, and he was taken into custody. He expressed a wish to have the case adjourned, for the purpose of giving him an opportunity of communicating with some friends in London attached to the Prussian Legation. He was thereupon remanded until Wednesday, Mr. Mansfield stating that he would grant bail on the production of two sureties of £15 each. The "Baron" said he knew no one in Liverpool, and he was therefore put back.

LORD ELGIN TO BE BRITISH MINISTER.

Reliable advices from England state that Mr. Villiers has finally given up the post of Minister to the United States, which he had accepted, and that it has been offered to Lord Elgin. It is understood in private circles that Mr. Villiers' resignation was due to financial difficulties, that gentleman having involved himself in his efforts to carry free trade, and never having begged for a "testimonial." Lord Elgin is well known to the public here, and would undoubtedly be popular.

DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.

Hugh Miller, the well-known Scotch geologist and man of science, the author of "The Old Red Sandstone," and the editor of the *Witness* newspaper, was found the other day dead in his room, with a bullet-hole through his heart. The manner of his death is field for conjecture. He was in poor health at the time. He had for some time been in the habit of keeping a loaded revolver in his bedroom, having, it is said, a strong apprehension of danger from housebreakers, for which, in reality, there was some reason, as an attempt was made not very long ago to break into his valuable museum. No explosion was heard by the servants during the night, and it was not till the morning that the body was found lying near the bath-room. He was born at Cromarty, in Scotland, of humble parentage, and for fifteen years worked in a quarry as a common laborer, employing his leisure moments in acquiring all the information from books or observation which was possible under the circumstances. The nature of his occupation, probably, induced a taste for geological researches, to which of late years he has almost exclusively devoted himself; but his first literary attempts were in another direction. Having received the position of accountant in a bank established in his native town, he found more leisure for reading and study, and published in 1835 his first work, "Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland," which has been extensively read in this country as well as in England. A letter published in 1839, after the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, in which the schism in the Church of Scotland was involved, drew toward him the attention of the Evangelical party, and he was appointed editor of the *Witness* newspaper, the principal metropolitan organ of the Free Church.

It was as a geologist, however, that Hugh Miller gained a permanent fame, and contributed most successfully to human knowledge. In his first scientific work, "The Old Red Sandstone, or New Walks in an Old Field," published in 1841, he was the first to disclose the important fact that the formation, known to geologists as the "old red sandstone," and generally supposed to be unfossiliferous, was, in fact, fossiliferous. While working the stone, as a quarryman, his attention had been attracted to the appearance of minute fossils in it, and these observations, prosecuted subsequently with great care, were given to the world in a digested form, and at once raised the author to a prominent place among men of science. "The Footprints of the Creator" is devoted more exclusively to geological subjects, which, however, are always treated in a manner to prove attractive to the unscientific reader. His latest researches in geology were confined to the reconciliation of the geological theory of the age and formation of the world with the Mosaic account—a subject to which he devoted profound attention, and on which he lectured and wrote much during the last few years.

THE NATURALIZATION LAWS.

The British government still adheres to its old notions in reference to naturalization, as may be seen by the following letter from a Frenchman naturalized in England. Chevalier de Chatelain says: "I have taken up my abode in England from predilection. I became naturalized in 1848, long before the Presidency of Louis Napoleon, and, consequently, the establishment of the second empire. From that time I have exercised all the rights of an English subject." Lately, however, the Chevalier got a letter from the Home Office, intimating that no certificate of naturalization granted by the British government can place him "beyond the lawful power and control of his native country, unless he has been denationalized by the government of the latter."

FRANCE.

THE PARIS CONFERENCE.

This meeting is to take place very shortly, and it is understood that France and England are once more of one mind on the questions to be submitted to Russia. The Bolgrad and Isle of Serpents affairs are the only ones to be discussed; and it is expected that they will be disposed of in two, or, at most, three sessions of the Conference. All the plenipotentiaries have received their instructions. Count Walewski is to preside.

NEW FRENCH HISTORY.

M. Arthur de la Guerronière, once editor of the *Pays*, and Louis Napoleon's great tool, is about to write a work in six volumes, to be entitled "History of the Parliamentary Monarchy of France from 1815 to 1852." The sum to be paid to the writer is 13,500 francs, or £540 the volume.

A MORAL BANKER.

M. Emile Pereire, the head of all the financial schemes in Paris, and the life and soul of the *Credit Mobilier*, has been attacked in a paper called the *Figaro*. He replies as follows:

"Sir,—In your last number you say that for some time past I have been in the habit of going every day at the same hour to a house in the Rue St. George, and you ask whether I have in hand a railway from Idalia to Paphos, with a branch to Cythera? My moral character, and my respect for family ties, are the most precious inheritance which I aspire to leave to my children. I beg you to publish a distinct contradiction of the fact you have advanced. I might appeal to the law, but I confine myself to demanding the textual insertion of this letter.

"Paris, *December* 18." "Emile Pereire.

LAMARTINE WANTS MORE SUBSCRIBERS.

Another letter from the unfortunate poet appears in the journals. It is addressed to the subscribers to his *Cours de Litterature*, and requests them to continue their subscription for 1857. M. De Lamartine says:

"I regard my subscribers, Sir, not as a public, but a family of friends. I am aware that benevolence toward myself personally had more to do with your subscribing than any literary curiosity had. I am not humiliated by this, but rather proud of it, for I like cordial affection better than glory. If a wish to give me some useful assistance in my work really had any great share in inducing you to put down your subscriptions for 1856, I venture in person to ask you now frankly to continue it for 1857."

NAPOLEON PICKS UP A YOUNG WOMAN.

Not long since, on a Sunday, the Emperor was driving through Paris; while turning a corner at the foot of the Rue St. Denis, where the narrow thoroughfare had rendered the approach of a vehicle imperceptible to a young woman with a child in her arms, the pole of his phaeton almost touched her breast before she was aware of her danger; in her haste and trepidation she suddenly stepped back, and her foot, coming in contact with a recently-moved flag-stone, she tumbled and fell. The Emperor, who had already pulled up his horses, sprang from his seat before the grooms who sat behind him were even aware of the accident, and himself assisted in raising the young woman, who was not at all cognizant of the rank of her sympathizing friend. She appeared to belong to the position of the humbler class of trade; there was nothing of poverty or destitution about her; on the contrary, her cap, shawl, and general *mise*, as well as that of her child, bespoke a person decently well to do; and the ease with which she answered the Emperor's kind inquiries as to her being hurt was very characteristic of that wonderful self-possession and graceful *aplomb* so characteristic of the Frenchwoman in whatever position of life she may be found. The Emperor took up the little child, and slipping a Napoleon into her hands, to buy, as he said, some *bon-bons*, got up into his phaeton, and, taking off his hat to the young woman, hastily drove away. The whole occurrence took place so suddenly that, beyond some half dozen people, scarcely any spectators were present except the parties concerned.

HE LIKES BEING PRAISED.

To a Captain Morrison, who has written a life of him, making him out to be the best and most virtuous man of the age, the Emperor writes:

"Palace of the Tuileries, *Dec.* 6, 1856.

"Sir,—When the truth is so often distorted, it is consoling to see a disinterested and dispassionate writer take upon himself the task of collecting documents which render to facts their certainty, and to intentions all their purity. This delicate task you have been good enough to undertake in my favor, and, as I have observed in many passages of your work, you seem to have accomplished it. I am very thankful. It is not for me, doubtless, to praise a book which contains the narrative of my life; but I may, at least, be permitted to express to you how sensible I am of the noble motive which inspired the work. Accept, Sir, with my sincere thanks, the assurance of all my sentiments. Napoleon."

GREAT SEIZURE OF PETTICOATS.

A lady—a *modiste* of Paris—who has taken out a patent for a peculiar hooped petticoat, which does not fly up and expose the ankles when the wearer sits down, has been much annoyed by piracies. Having at length appealed to the law, and denounced a quantity of petticoats in a country town, the seizure took place in the shops of several milliners. The excitement was tremendous. The seizure was effected amidst the shouts of laughter of those who witnessed this novel razzia; shouts rendered more Homeric by the agents expressing fears that the winds would carry them off their legs while holding on to their captives.

ROSSINI.

This old composer has taken lodgings in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Here he gives the most charming *soirées* to the artists and literary men of distinction of which Paris is now full; but he refuses to put pen to paper, or even to go to hear one of his own pieces. The great success of M. Verdi at this moment may possibly disturb the old gentleman's equanimity, but he is said to be jealous of no one but M. Meyerbeer.

PIOUS LOTTERIES.

The priests of Paris, with the sanction of the Archbishop, have adopted a novel plan of restoring their ruined churches. The plan adopted is to create a lottery, the chief prize of which shall be a hundred thousand francs, or twenty thousand dollars, with a number of minor prizes, amounting to about as much more. The tickets are one franc each, and the day of *tirage*, or drawing, is postponed from time to time, till the number of ticket-holders reaches a million, or about a thirtieth of the whole population of France; thus the speculator's chance of drawing the great prize is as one to a million, and the profits to the Church of St. Pierre are more than 800,000f., or $130,000. But St. Pierre is only one of a thousand churches, hospitals, seminaries, charitable objects, etc., of all shapes and sizes which are thus propped up. It is understood that representations of the immorality of this system have been made to the Emperor, who declined to commit himself by an opinion either way.

PRUSSIA.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE.

The Lutherans of Germany, who are said to lean more and more toward a revival of certain Romanist notions, are active just now in pressing forward the bill to remodel the law of divorce. At present the Prussian civil law (*Allgemeines Landrecht*) admits as motives of divorce, besides adultery and desertion, mutual consent, incompatibility of humor, etc. The Ecclesiastical Conference of Berlin laid great stress on the levity of the last-named cause. The Government, indorsing the Scriptural views of the Protestant clergy, proposes to reduce the causes of divorce to those of adulterous behavior and *desertio maliciosa*, although much is left to the decision of the judge, who can fix a delay of one or three years before the divorce becomes definitive.

HUMBOLDT.

The fourth volume of "Kosmos" is announced as likely to appear early this year. It is said to be in every way worthy of the great philosopher's fame.

SWITZERLAND.

A patriotic dinner was given at Geneva on 13th December. Old General Dufour, who is nearly seventy, was present. When his health was proposed, the illustrious veteran, visibly affected, appeared young again, such was the energy of his language. He said that he had worn the uniform of officer during fifty years, and that of Federal officer for forty years; "but on all occasions like the present," said he, "my heart grows young notwithstanding my age, of which I begin to feel the weight. I am old and declining; but if the country calls me I will not for an instant hesitate to enter on a campaign with my fellow-citizens. Perhaps we may meet again very soon on the field of battle." He then alluded to the threats used against the Helvetic Confederation, and he added, "but we shall not be discouraged; on the contrary, we will face them." He then spoke of the Federal troops, and of the patriotic spirit which animates the Swiss people. In conclusion, he repeated, "I am at their orders. I am entirely at the disposal of my country, and I know and I feel that the day is not far off when my career will terminate."

It is understood that France and England will not allow the Swiss question to result in a war.

ITALY.

The Pope has returned Queen Christina's visit. Pius IX. was conveyed to the palace of the Queen Mother in a coach drawn by black mules. His suite occupied two others. Maria Christina met the Pope at the foot of the staircase, and conducted him to the throne-room, where he remained an hour, and admitted the entire household to his presence.

A YANKEE SCARES A HERD OF BULLS AT POMPEII.

Some smart Yankee happened to be one of a party at Pompeii lately, where the United States and the habits of the people were freely discussed. He succeeded in scaring a correspondent of the *Athenæum* enough to make him write the following:

"The American affirmed that in his country they stood better than in any country in the world. He had lately crossed the Atlantic, and on board a party of gentlemen were discussing the character of a lady, whose fame was of rather a gossamer web; but he had observed that that lady had twenty cousins, who would all be happy to wait upon any one of them, and deep silence was the result. Such was the high courtesy and the advanced civilization of the Americans! 'Did they carry bowie-knives in his part of the country?' 'Well, he did not know but what most of the young sparks, when they stripped, could turn out a bowie-knife and a revolver—it was the fashion. He had once seen three men laid dead in a hotel. There was a judge who had come down to be married, and who went to his tailor's to try on a coat. The judge did not like it—tailor said it was well made—so a quarrel arose, and tailor and party waylaid the judge and his party, and had a shot at them after dinner in the public room. The judge returned the fire, for he had his knife and revolver, and after laying three dead, retreated up stairs amid a parting volley of shots. It was the very last case which Judge —— tried, and they were all acquitted.' But I must not prolong these illustrations of men and manners; yet they belong to the day in which they were sketched so graphically by our Yankee friend, and have a very antique or medieval cut."

TURKEY.

The Sultan has at length rewarded those self-sacrificing English women who went to the East to nurse the British troops during the war. Twenty-nine brooches of the pattern engraved, bearing the crescent and star of the Moslem, set in brilliants on an enameled boss of the Moslem colors, the whole mounted in a peculiar pattern in gold, have been made for the Sultan for the purpose of presenting to the Nurses. The whole number to be made is forty; and Miss Nightingale, who was at first unwilling to accept the decoration, has been commanded by the Queen to wear one. On the back of each brooch is inscribed the following:

Presented by H. I. M. the Sultan to Miss ——, in acknowledgment of her services in the hospitals of the British Army in the East, ——, 1856.

The present is at once graceful and beautiful, and is a proof that his Imperial Majesty appreciates the moral beauty of women.

A TURKISH TWO-DECKER.

The *Fethirije*, a Turkish two-decker, to carry 103 guns, has just been launched. She is to go to England to be fitted with a screw. The ceremony was to have taken place at noon, and the *corps diplomatique* had received invitations to attend, the three-decker Mahmoudieh having been prepared for its reception. There was, however, some discrepancy between the opinions of the Sherefsaat, or astrologers, who are always consulted on such occasions, and the wishes of the Sultan, and the result was that the two-decker slipped off early in the morning, wounding ten men and killing one or two, and left nothing to see for the Sultan and his guests, who arrived at the hour appointed.

ASIA.

SIAMESE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The Siamese, it seems, do not like foreigners to lease property among them. A short while since an Englishman found a piece of land which suited him, and leased it for 99 years. The lease was drawn out and duly registered at the British consulate, the money paid over, and the purchaser took possession of the property, no one supposing that any thing wrong had been done. Two months afterward the transaction came to the knowledge of the King, who appears to have been much annoyed thereat, and the lessor of the land was arrested and imprisoned, together with all his family. Inquiries were then made as to the other participators in the affair, and the drawing up of the lease in such an objectionable shape being proved against one of the parties arrested, the King forthwith ordered that he should receive ninety-nine blows of the ratan in his own presence. The unfortunate individual has been formerly crier in the King's palace, who recognized him as an old servant, but it appears probable that, in the hurry and excitement of the proceedings, none of those present ventured to inform his Majesty that the culprit had been decoyed from the British consulate, where he had been acting since its establishment as first native assistant. The beating must have been administered with more than usual severity, as, although the man was delivered over to his friends, and constantly attended by two of the medical missionaries, nothing could be done to alleviate his agony, and he died on the third day. The British Consul, Mr. Hillier, was absent from ill health while the affair was transacting, but he returned at once, and immediately demanded and obtained the release of all the parties imprisoned as accomplices. A strong protest was then addressed to his Majesty, which was signed by the other foreign consuls at the city, pointing out the breach of the treaty that had been committed, and setting forth the aggravated nature of the case. With the matter clearly stated to him, the King appears to have reflected to good purpose upon what might be the consequences of his hasty act, and with a frankness that does him much honor, his Majesty at once acknowledged that he now fully comprehended the fault he had committed, for which he was sincerely sorry, and very willing to make any suitable reparation; and after completely exonerating his nobles from any knowledge of, or participation in the business, he proposed to present to her Majesty's government, to be paid for out of his privy purse, a site for the proposed consulate, leaving to his ministers and the foreign consuls to adopt such means as might hereafter remove all existing misunderstandings on the subject of acquiring land.

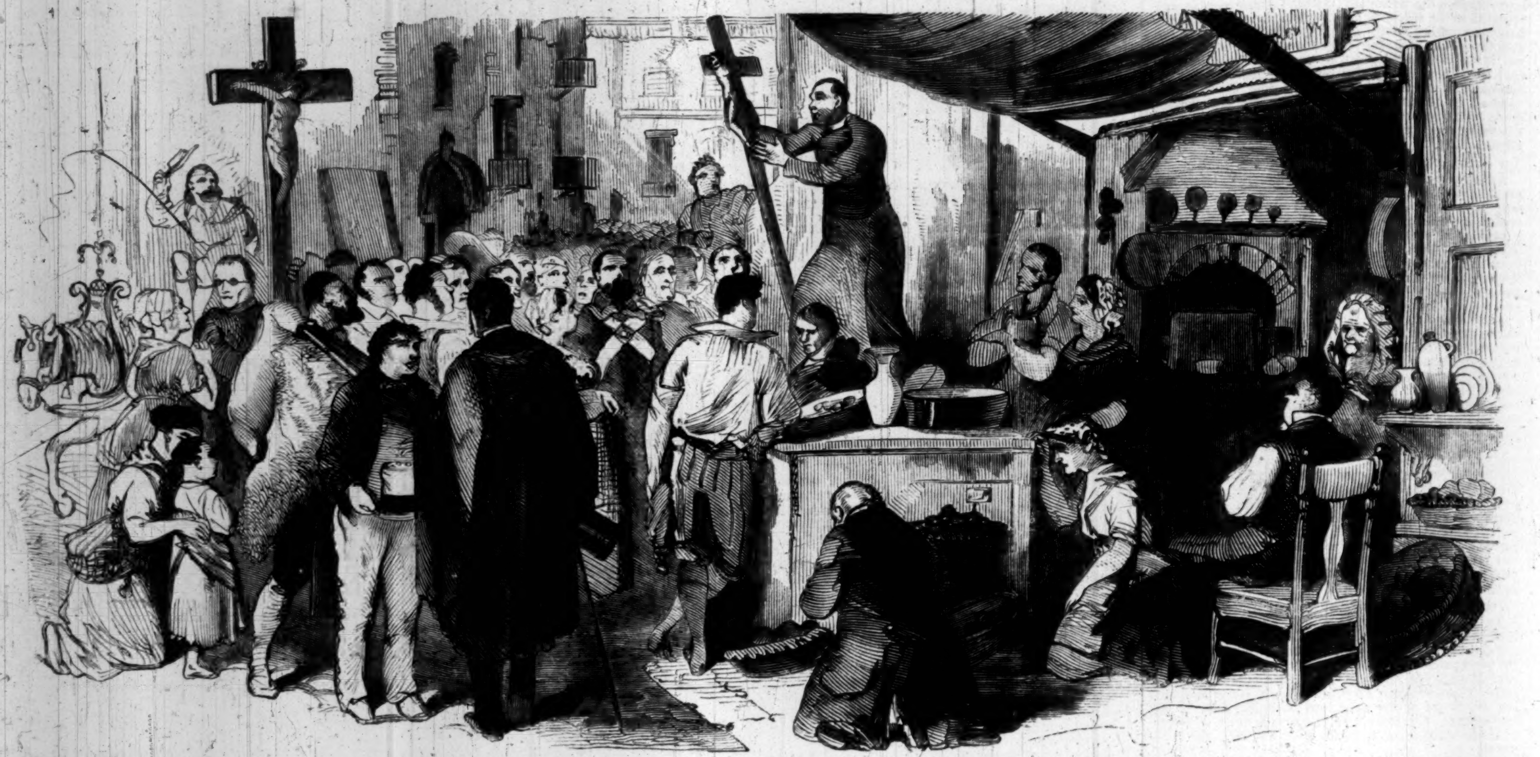
THE WAR WITH PERSIA.

The war being unpopular with the English, Lord Redcliffe, late British Minister near the Porte, has endeavored to arrange the difficulty with the Persian Embassador, Ferouk Khan, who chanced to be at Constantinople; the proposed terms being, of course, the restitution of Herat and the dismissal of the Grand Vizier, who bears the title of Sadri Azem. Should the Shah refuse to go this length, then it is said that England will carry on the war *vi et armis*. But little hope of an accommodation is entertained.

No portion of the Russian army had entered Persian territory, nor was war considered imminent there. A commission of three officers had been sent from the Russian head-quarters to visit Mazanderan, a Persian province on the Caspian Sea, which, in the event of hostilities, would become an important strategical position. Troops might be concentrated at Balfrouch, the principal city of the province, at Mechedè-Ser, Astrabad, Asrharaf, and Feeshabad. Independently of these military dispositions, the defile of the Caspian Gates, and the defile of Komis, might be effectively occupied. It is through these points that the centre of the kingdom of Persia may be reached. The concentration in the province of Mazanderan of the Russian troops in the Caspian provinces, say 50,000 men, would menace the flank or rear of a British invading army.

The garrison of Astrakan has been strengthened, and the Cossacks in that district have received a new commander in the person of Lieutenant-General Krassnick; but the reports of a concentration of troops at Astrakan, by means of the Caspian fleet, are said to be unfounded.

The Imaum of Muscat, in refusing to pay tribute to Persia for his possessions in the Persian Gulf, informed the Shah that he—the Imaum—considered him merely as his spiritual head. Confused accounts were current as to what was passing in Persia. It was rumored that Murad Mirza, the late Commander-in-Chief before Herat, had marched to the south, toward the sources of the Herwood, and occupied Turrah, in Cabul.



PRIEST PREACHING IN THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

MODERN NAPLES.

No doubt the Emperor of the French is not exactly the person an American would choose as a champion of liberty; still, it is carrying aversion for his majesty rather far to intimate, as some of our leading journals have done, that his interference in Neapolitan affairs either means nothing, or signifies a desire, on his part, to restore the inert Murat dynasty to the throne of the two Sicilies. A much simpler way of accounting for his proceeding is to suppose that he has sense to see the discredit King Ferdinand is bringing upon the autocratic system.

We are tolerably familiar with bad governments. We see at our doors the foolish Mexicans playing battledore and shuttle-cock with their institutions year after year. We see the wretched mongrels of Central America cutting each other's throats, and doing nothing else. We have in New York at least three sets of revolutionaries always hard at work plotting revolution in some Spanish-American state. We see a beautifully-organized tyranny flourishing in Cuba. But, with all this knowledge and experience, it is doubtful whether the American public at large can be made to realize the horrible state of things which exists at Naples at the present time.

Fancy a city of some 450,000 inhabitants, of whom 18,000 are priests, 40,000 idlers, 4000 lawyers, and nearly 30,000 prisoners of state, locked up in some of the five hundred and thirty royal prisons! Fancy this city in a state of chronic siege, with the guns of its forts constantly pointed, not upon its enemies, but upon its people! Fancy a government consisting of a priest-ridden king as cruel, as treacherous, as false as his kinsman and namesake, Ferdinand the Seventh, of Spain; maintaining his power by the aid of Swiss and German guards, most of whom are kidnapped, contrary to law, in the southern German States and Switzerland; so miserable an administrator that no department of the government makes the least pretense to efficiency but the police, which has its spies every where, and is said to be as perfect as Fouché's; so blind to facts that he believes he is a blessing to his people, and calmly expects that God will scatter his enemies, and, by a signal display of His power, make an end of the menacing fleets of England and France! Finally, fancy a people systematically trained in idleness, servility, and ignorance; denied the privileges of wholesome education and the use of books; forced to kneel at the feet of the Jesuits, and taught from their childhood that rebellion against their authority involves not only eternal damnation but present punishment; educated in contempt for the laws and indifference to every virtue that can exalt the race! Such is Naples.

Let us look at it in detail. The traveler who walks through Toledo or Chiaja for the first time, on a sunny day in the cooler months, is amazed at the evidences of life and happiness which he sees. Fifty thousand people, they say, throng Toledo (the Broadway of Naples) daily. Every trade under the sun is carried on in the open street. There are shoemakers and tailors at their benches; scribes inditing love-letters for amorous swains; begging monks proving clearly that all who do not give them a carline will be served up hot in another world; women plucking poultry or cleaning vegetables; quack doctors forcing their panaceas down the throats of peasants from the Abruzzi; cooks roasting and frying at great fires on the sidewalk; mothers combing their children's hair, or turning them up and whipping them; old women on crutches singing airs from Lucia, and old men reciting Ariosto with much fervor; water-sellers bawling iced water; pious minstrels playing doleful bagpipes under a statue of the Virgin; Sicilian girls dancing the tarantella with uncommon vigor; friars roaring that they only want a *gran* more to save a soul from hell; boys fighting for water-melons; exchange tables loaded with copper; lemonade stands surmounted by triumphal arches, bedizened with gold paper and wreaths of flowers; macaroni-dealers ladling huge masses of the smoking delicacy out of caldrons, and beseeching the crowd not to let it cool; more monks, tinkling little bells, and knocking Punch and the conjuror over as they hurry past with a dead man; ladies in Parisian dresses, peasant girls in scarlet rags; lazzaroni in every corner, lying, crouching, squatting, running, sleeping, laughing, fighting, picking pockets; and an array of carriages, corricoli, omnibuses, cavaliers, tearing and dashing along at a furious rate, as though collisions were impossible and bones could not be broken.

On either side the street stand palaces, as large houses are always called. Many of these are owned by princes, counts, dukes, and marquises, who make a living by letting them to strangers, and send chasseurs, in cocked hats, swords, and livery, to collect the rent. Some of them keep their carriage; but, to do so, they eat meat on Sundays only, and support their families and servants, chasseurs included, on twenty cents a day. They let their horses and their piano; they let their wives receive presents from any young men who are disposed to be liberal. They give parties sometimes, as becomes their rank: if the guests remain long enough they may get a glass of sugared water, nothing more. Beware, fair Americans, how you visit them; for the walls of their houses will leave their mark on your dresses; and if you desire to enter the prince's apartments with unspotted skirts, take care to raise them well, and tread gingerly as you ascend the stair-case.

When the French were in Naples, it is known that the priests took to other trades. They tried to frighten Murat by refusing to let St. January's blood liquefy as usual on the day fixed, and very nearly excited a riot; but when Murat sent six big guns down to the church, with word to the priests that if the saint's blood remained coagulated five minutes longer he would blow the establishment sky-high, shrewd St. January altered his mind, and his blood ran more copiously than ever. Ferdinand the Second is overflowing with piety. He has restored the Jesuits, and endowed them munificently. He hears mass every morning, and counts his beads twice a day. He confesses once a week, and if he has done wrong—that is to say, if he has forgotten a prayer to the Virgin, or doubted the utility of erecting a new refectory for the Jesuits—he does penance by omitting the condiments from his macaroni. His last confessor was well known to rule him; the confessor himself was ruled by his cook, a fat monk, to whom shrewd politicians paid their court. One day this cook-monk made an unusually succulent ham, and gorged himself therewith till a lump stuck in his throat and killed him, since which melancholy event the good people of Naples are very badly off for a channel of communication with the throne.

After a prayer of unusual fervor, the spirit revealed to Ferdinand that he ought to re-establish that old mediæval institution for which Becket contended so manfully in England—an ecclesiastical court of appeal, having exclusive final jurisdiction over crimes committed by the clergy. The pious monarch obeyed the command, and since then no priest has been punished for crime. Some twenty-five years ago, a parish curate took a singular fancy to a young mechanic. He invited him to his house, befriended him on many occasions, and at last offered him a trifle to start him in business. At the same time, he urged him to marry a pretty girl of his acquaintance. Suspecting nothing, and the girl being attractive enough, the young man married her, and began life on his own account. Very soon after his marriage, he noticed that his friend the priest was more at his house than he liked. He expostulated with him on the scandal that could not fail to arise, and at last openly quarreled with him. That day the young man was seized, thrust into prison, and loaded with chains. It is an actual fact that he remained *twenty years* in the prison of the Vicaria at Naples, without ever hearing a word of his offense or his accuser. At the end of the twenty years he was released, and was informed that he had been kept in prison for the debt he owed the priest. A broken old man, he did not care to revisit his guilty wife; he knew better than to seek vengeance; he stole away to Benevento, in the Pope's dominions, where he lives still in great terror of the priesthood. These circumstances are well known at Naples, and it is said the priest has been slightly reprimanded by his superior.

The story of Cola Calzato, who came to his sad last end the other day, is likewise in point. Cola was a Calabrian vine-dresser, and had for best friend a young soldier named Monti. Monti married a sweet girl of the neighborhood, and lived happily with her for some time. At last he grew suspicious of a Capuchin friar who confessed his wife. Being obliged to absent himself from home, he confided his suspicions to his friend. "You may rely on me," said Cola, sententiously; "if you are wronged, I will revenge you." Next morning at daybreak, the friar, issuing forth from Monti's house, was shot dead on the doorstep by Cola. He was standing, resting on his gun, beside the dead body, when the neighbors came; made no resistance, was arrested, tried, confessed his crime, and condemned to death. He prayed only for a "short shrift," so the merciful King of Naples kept him four years in the dampest dungeon of the Vicaria.

One morning, in gray dawn, men hastily built up a red scaffold and guillotine on the famous Market-place—the scene of Massaniello's triumphs. Close by, the porch of a house was seized by the clergy and converted into a chapel. Thither was Cola Calzato dragged at break of day, and earnestly, violently pressed to receive the sacrament. He declared that he would have no hand or part with priests in this life, and therefore would not receive the sacrament. A crowd had assembled outside, and the cause of the delay soon became known. Sympathy was freely expressed for the poor fellow, but the anxiety of the people that he should receive the sacrament was stronger than any other feeling. Women and men prayed in the open square that Cola's heart would be softened. Noon came, and the prisoner was still obdurate. The most famous priests of Naples were with him, and the pictures they drew of the agonies of unshriven sinners in hell were enough to make the hair stand on end. At last a great cry ran through the crowd—"He has taken it."

The priests issued forth from the chapel with satisfied faces. Out, too, came the culprit, very pale and thin, but with firm tread and flashing eye. As he was led to the gallows, the air was rent on the one side by news-venders, offering to sell his life for one gran only; on the other, by the far more noisy priests, who ran to and fro among the crowd bawling for money for masses for his soul, and shaking the spectators by the arm like very footpads. Cola, mindless of biographers and masses, had ascended the scaffold accompanied by two monks; he looked once round, smiled on the crowd, then bent his head—— The women and children were very eager to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood, which trickled upon the sand; but no one seemed to think the worse of the monk whose vice had caused his death.

To students of history stories like this are familiar enough; but people generally are too much in the habit of supposing that they were peculiar to old times.

Whichever side of the Neapolitan priest be examined, the result is the same. A foreigner, an American, who has lived much at Naples and in the neighborhood, made acquaintance with a pious monk in a country monastery, and was in the habit of going to drink and smoke with him of an evening. One night after all the monks had gone to bed—it might have been near midnight—the friar and his guest were smoking and conversing, when a loud ring was heard at the gate.

"Curse them," said the man of God, "can they not leave a poor fellow in peace half an hour?"

His guest uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and wondered who the visitor could be.

"Some wretch," replied the priest, savagely, "who is at the point of departing for the next world, I'll be bound, and who wants me to shrive him." And growling, and cursing, he groped his way to the gate, where he found a half-starved peasant boy, crying, and saying that his mother was at the point of death, and required the services of a priest.

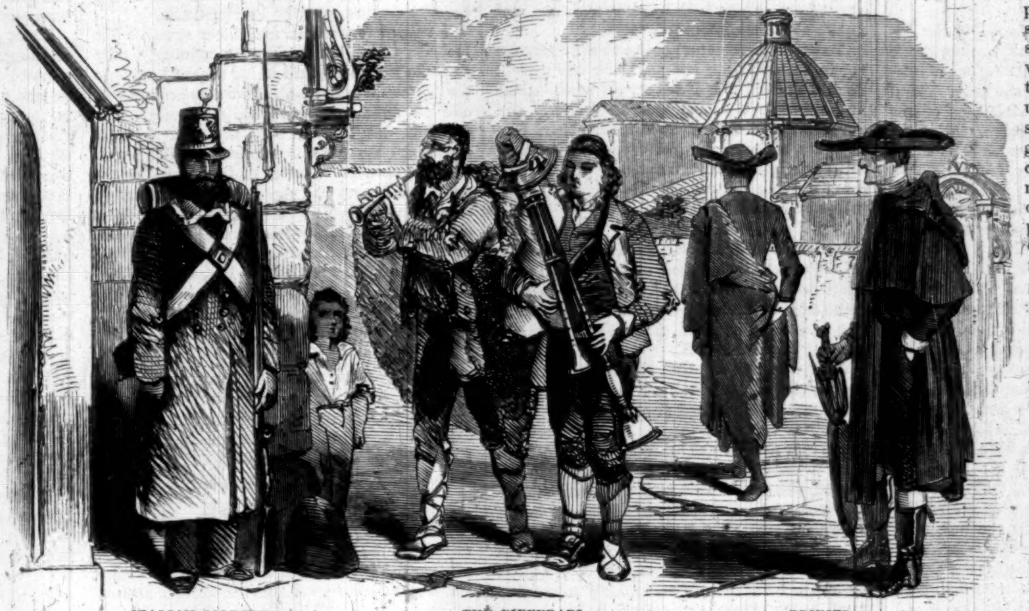
The monk insisted on his guest accompanying him, for he was too arrant a coward to trust himself across the hills alone at night. They found the dying woman on a bundle of straw, in a hovel half hewn out of the rock, half built up with rough stones. Her three children, with famished looks, cowered on a bed of leaves and grass in a corner of the hovel. The priest laid his pipe on a stone at the door, and proceeded to his business. The stranger, more practical, inquired if nothing could be done for the poor creature, who was writhing in agony.

"We have had a doctor," said a relation who was present, "but as we had no means of buying the medicines he ordered, he told us we might give her water." And there at her side stood the half-empty jug—the only comfort the dying woman had.

Staying her convulsive twitchings with one hand, and endeavoring to gather round her the rags which were her only covering, the priest asked her, in a solemn voice, if she had renounced the pomps and vanities of the world?

The poor woman only groaned—what had pomps and vanities ever been to her?—and the priest, leaving her abruptly, ran to the door, took three or four whiffs of his pipe, laid it down, ran back to the bedside, and asked her whether she in all sincerity and truth renounced the devil and all his works?

She groaned again, and again the padre ran to his dear pipe, and puffed to keep it alight. Returning to the bedside, he inquired in the



ITALIAN SOLDIER. THE PIFFERARI. PRIESTS.

same solemn voice, whether the dying creature was certain that she had put away from her all carnal desires and criminal indulgences?

The hideous mockery of such a question elicited a motion of indignant protest from the stranger, which the priest mistaking, he grumbled, as he supposed sympathetically, "Why, in the name of fortune, do they not wait till the last moment before they send for us, instead of keeping us here, shivering and saying paternosters?" Just then the old woman turned over, stretched herself, and gave up her spirit. "Now," said the priest to his companion, "we can go home and finish our bottle."

Funerals tell the same story. When la Signora S—— died, after lingering for years in imbecility, and leaving her family in beggary, in order to give all her property to the priests, over one thousand ecclesiastics assisted at the funeral. It was impossible to squeeze one's self into the church of St. Ferdinand, where the burial-service was performed. The body was borne to the grave in a gilded hearse, preceded by a regimental band, and a string of grand equipages, and followed by several hundred torch-bearers, singing dirges. When the son of a poor widow was beaten to death by his master for having stolen some grapes, his mother was found clasping her dead boy in her arms, and almost crazy from grief; for she had not the twenty-five cents required to pay for a burial-service, and knew not how her darling would obtain the last office humanity requires. A charitable foreigner gave her the money, and watched the result. About an hour afterward, a fat young monk sauntered toward the house. He did not enter it, or speak to the mother, or see the corpse. Standing before the door, in a nonchalant attitude, he gabbled and muttered to himself for some minutes, crossing himself at intervals, then lazily walked away. Toward evening a peasant arrived with a basket. Into this the boy's body, half wrapped in a rough cloth, which did not cover the legs, was hastily thrust; the peasant jogged with his burden to the grave-yard, where there was a large hole, staring open, and a priest beside it. He canted the corpse out of the basket into the hole, and chalked one! Next minute another peasant, also with a basket, arrived; out of his basket he tossed the naked body of a female, and chalked two! Other corpses were rolled in every few minutes. After a time, when it was late, and the prospect of more arrivals seemed slender, the priest galloped through the burial-service, praying for the corpses *en bloc;* the diggers shoveled in the earth, and there was an end of those human creatures.

In judging the people of Naples, these priests and their influence must be well remembered. It must be borne in mind that they enjoy a monopoly of education, and keep all the schools in the kingdom. Some time since, a Neapolitan lady sent her son to be educated in Sardinia. The Jesuits insisted on his return to Naples, in order that he should attend their schools, and the lady refusing, she was banished the kingdom. Her mother fell ill soon afterward, and she besought permission to attend her deathbed; she only obtained it on condition that she should return with her son, who should forthwith be placed at a Jesuit school. Again, the King endorses every priestly mummery in the most emphatic manner. The latest miracle is the growth of hair on the Christ in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmini. Every year, on the 26th December, the King goes to this church in state, and clips a lock of hair from the head of the figure; next year the hair has grown again as long as ever. Add to this, that there are, so to speak, no books at all at Naples, and no free press; that the priests favor the dedication of children to "the service of God," so that there are very few families who have not a relation in the Church, while friars four years old, and pretty little nuns of ten and twelve, are constantly seen; and some idea may be formed of the power which the priesthood has acquired in this unhappy kingdom.

A true understanding of the position of the clergy is the key to a knowledge of all Neapolitan questions. What the lazaroni are, priests and their allies, the kings have made them. It is said they number 40,000, nearly one-tenth the population of the city. Some of them are fishermen, some porters, some hawkers of fruit; but as a general rule, none of them have any settled calling. Their average earnings it is hard to ascertain; but doubtless the larger part of them do not gain over five cents a day the year round. On this they feed and clothe—in rags—their family, go to the theatre, and speculate at the lottery. In summer they may be seen lying in every shady spot within and without the city, sleeping, arguing with fierce vehemence, or playing *morra;* the women, married and single, following strangers the livelong day, begging. Were it not that dirt is a characteristic of the best society at Naples, and that young ladies of high birth and rich families do not always wash their faces, or comb their hair when they are at home, the squalid filth of the lazaroni—especially the female part of them—might be a subject of remark. But who teaches them better?

Nothing depicts the despotism under which these poor people have grown up better than their habit of talking on their fingers, and by signs. Intuitively the Neapolitan avoids the use of the tongue. Some have ascribed this to laziness. It is more likely to arise from a proper fear of spies. When the foreigner is first accosted by a Neapolitan, who crosses his mouth with his outstretched thumb and forefinger, he supposes, naturally, that the polyglot character of the sign is the secret of its general use; but a little more observation teaches him that the same signs are invariably used by the lazaroni in their intercourse with each other. Thus, a blow with the open hand on the back of the head means, "I am cheated;" a circle described with the hand bent downward, signifies, "I don't care;" the forefinger pressed against the upper eyelid stands for "Take care;" against the lower one, "I understand." You ask a Neapolitan a question. He wags his forefinger to and fro before his nose. You repeat the question. He twists his tongue into his cheek. You persist in the inquiry. He throws his head back with a shrug. You reiterate your question once more. He flies into a rage, calls you a fool, and asks you if you mean to mock him, by repeating a question which he has already thrice answered in the negative?

It has been said of the lazaroni that they wear their jackets—when they have any—thrown over their shoulders, simply because they are too lazy to thrust their arms into the sleeves. They certainly prefer going without dinner, under ordinary circumstances, to walking a mile. But there is a time when the lazaroni are aroused to energy. That is, when they have a stake in the lottery. The lottery office-keepers give credit; that is to say, if a man deposit a penny in their hands, they will allow him to the end of the week to find the remaining pence necessary to purchase a share in the *lotto;* and this spur moves the energy of the poor Neapolitan to a frightful pitch. His natural bent is to steal the sum required; but if he have not a chance of doing this, he will actually work consecutively for many hours under a broiling sun rather than forego the ticket.

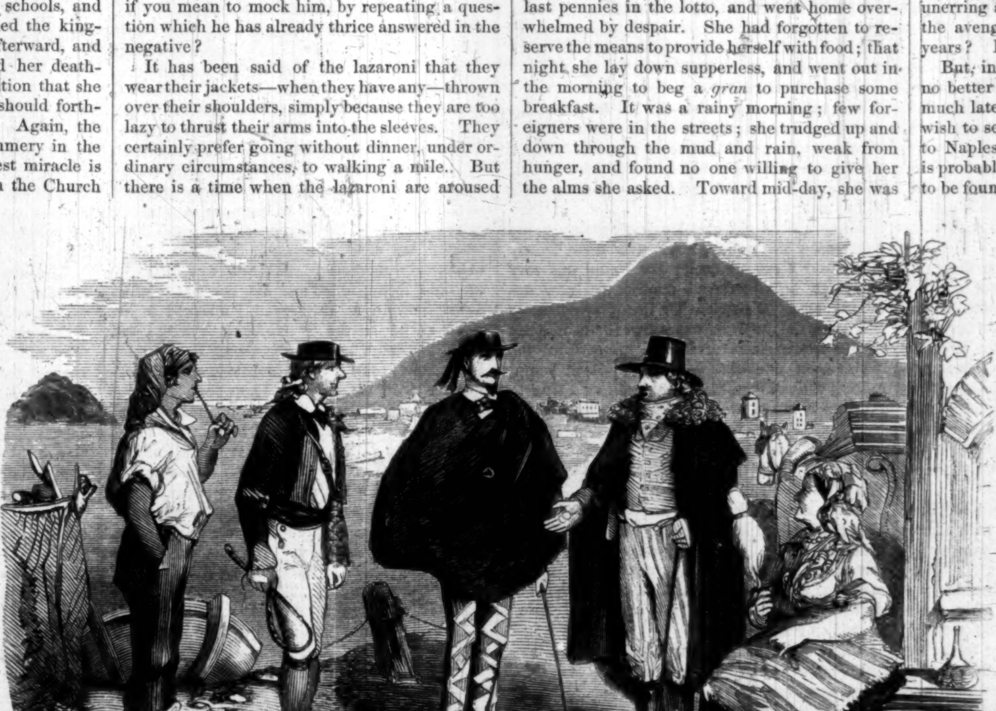
It is supposed that the shortest way of exciting a revolution at Naples would be to suppress the lottery offices. That peril his present Majesty is careful to avoid. The lotto is a pet institution of his. Government agents assist the sale of tickets. Government telegraphs communicate the result of the drawings. By every means in his power the King stimulates the gambling mania, which is one of the most ruinous propensities of the Neapolitan people. On the day fixed for the drawing, the commissary of police gets into a pulpit in the hall where the ceremony is performed, and behind him stations a party of soldiers; four judges and two priests (nothing at Naples without priests) take their seats on the platform; the audience—a motely assemblage of lazaroni, mechanics, foreigners, mothers with babies, blear-eyed old women, children, and officers—is called to order. An official steps forward, shakes the ticket-box in sight of the crowd, and a boy from the Foundling Hospital puts in his hand and draws out five numbers. These win; as they are proclaimed to the crowd, the sensation is overpowering; men shout, women cry, many faint away from the excess of their disappointment.

Once, some years ago, a poor girl whose lover was in prison for a small debt, and who had vainly exhausted her energies in endeavoring to raise the sum for his release by working, put her two last pennies in the lotto, and went home overwhelmed by despair. She had forgotten to reserve the means to provide herself with food; that night she lay down supperless, and went out in the morning to beg a *gran* to purchase some breakfast. It was a rainy morning; few foreigners were in the streets; she trudged up and down through the mud and rain, weak from hunger, and found no one willing to give her the alms she asked. Toward mid-day, she was passing the lottery office. Her stake suddenly occurred to her; she pressed in with the throng, was borne into the room where the drawing took place, and sank upon the floor. She was unconscious of what took place till a great shout aroused her. Some one by her side inquired what number had won? She no sooner heard it than she uttered a piercing shriek, held up her ticket, cried, "My Ludovico!" and fainted away. She had won the great prize. But her feeble frame, worn away by want and suffering, could not support the shock. She was carried out lifeless. Having no heirs, the proceeds of the prize went, of course, to the Church, which buried her with much pomp and praying, and Ludovico remained in jail.

The only competitor of the lotto for the lazaroni's earnings is the theatre. Not San Carlo, of course; but Pulcinello and Pantaleone, of world-wide fame, and the sacred puppet-shows, the only surviving relics of the old Moralities, which once delighted Europe. These are, perhaps, the most curious places of amusement in Naples. At the door of a hovel which might well be a robber's den, stands a ferocious-looking fellow, who bellows to every passer-by, "Come in, good people, come in and see the Birth of Our Saviour, the Holy Virgin, and the Twelve Apostles, likewise the Devil, all for two grans!" A sorry magic lantern produces, on a dirty canvas, something which passes for the scene described by the proprietor of the show; while the latter accompanies each view with a commentary which might be accurately rendered: "See, gentlemen, the Birth of our Lord! Admire, gentlemen, the beauty of the Holy Virgin, and the rage of the Devil, yonder in the corner, a-biting of his nails!" and so on.

To say that these people are idle, dishonest, and revengeful, is only to assert that well-known causes have produced their necessary consequences. Ever since our countryman was stabbed in the street in daylight for trying to apprehend a pickpocket, the fraternity whose trade is relieving gentlemen of their pocket-books and handkerchiefs have pursued it undisturbed. It is believed to be very flourishing at the present time. The police is only efficient against political offenders; the *vendetta* is an effectual check to their zeal in other matters. Only the other day, a poor constable made fearful experience of its danger. He had apprehended a well-known thief: the mother of the prisoner had been heard to say, "Let him never leave his house after set of sun, or woe to him!" So well did the constable understand the threat that for two whole years he never ventured outside his door after dusk. One hot summer's night, feeling very thirsty, he asked his wife to get up and bring him a cup of water. The wife replied that a jug stood just outside the window; he could reach it without going out. He rose, opened the shutter, thrust his arm out to grasp the jug; but that moment a ball directed with unerring aim passed through his temple. Had the avenger lain in wait every night for two years? It would seem so.

But, in truth, the richer classes at Naples are no better than the lazaroni. We have heard much lately of female misdirection; those who wish to see how low woman can sink should go to Naples. The well-bred Neapolitan female is probably the worst variety of her race and sex to be found in the world. Social habit, and the practice of keeping religion a thing apart from morality, so that the most pious woman may be really the most depraved, have entirely eradicated even the idea of virtue from most female minds at Naples. The girls learn nothing that can be of use to them. They are not even good musicians, and can not make their own clothes, or give any assistance in the management of the household. The only work they are ever seen to do is embroidering a virgin or a saint for some church or monkery. Usually they spend their time in staring out of window; too lazy to dress decently, and much given to shawls as hiding a multitude of deficiencies. When the hour for promenade comes, they are pretty butterflies enough; but the married women do all the flirting. A few years ago, it used to be very delightful to walk through the Villa Reale, the great promenade, and see the pretty faces and bright dresses; this enjoyment has been somewhat checked by the fiendish outrages practiced upon ladies there a year or two ago. Our readers may remember that several ladies, among others one or two beautiful girls of well-known families, were burned to death while promenading in the evening, by brutes who con-



LAZARONI. POSTILLION. NEAPOLITAN "FAST MAN." VETTURINO. FEMALE OF HUMBLER CLASS.

trived to set fire to their skirts in passing them on the walk.

King Ferdinand—or King Bomba, as the English call him—is, of course, no favorite with the people, especially since his unexampled treachery to Poerio, Barberini, and the other liberal leaders, and his scandalous violations of the constitution he promised to observe. We have read of kings who were treacherous before, and kings who loved despotic power, and kings who enjoyed the exercise of cruelty; but it is doubtful whether any king whom history embalms ever combined such abominable cruelty with such abhorrence of liberty, and such dastardly meanness as Ferdinand of Naples. One instance of the last-mentioned vice. It is usual at Naples for painters to exhibit their works once a year: the King visits the exhibition and chooses the pictures he likes; but he puts his own price upon them, and invariably cheats the artist. Not long since a promising young artist painted a picture that was decidedly the gem of the exhibition. He had numerous offers for it; more than one American desired to have it in this country. He was notified that the King intended to do him the honor of taking it, and would pay him so much—about one-third the price he had been offered. To the horror of the official he refused to agree to the bargain. He was warned of the folly of resisting the King; being firm, he was requested to state his views in writing, as no servant of his Majesty would venture to state them verbally. He wrote: "I refuse to surrender my picture for one-third its value. Either pay my price or return it." The picture was returned, but the artist was invited to leave the kingdom.

For all his shortcomings, Ferdinand does not seem to fear his people. He drives about in his carriage, sitting on the box, and staring at the strangers, most of whom take him for the royal coachman. He has filled all the forts at Naples with Swiss troops, on whom he fancies he can rely; the Neapolitan soldiers are stationed in the country parts. The latter are well understood to be ripe for rebellion; when the lazaroni rise they will join them, and there will be a terrible fight with the Swiss, who will do their duty.

The question suggests itself—when will the revolution come off? This is not easily answered. French revolutions can be predicted with some certainty. It may be said that, all things being equal, and each successive government having a man of sense at its head, there will be a revolution every generation till the French settle in their *assiette*—each generation earning experience enough not to repeat the experiment. But at Naples it is a very different affair. The lazaroni are rather conservative than otherwise, and revolutions are usually begun, if not achieved by, the populace of capitals. A spark thrown into the combustible elements by England and France might create an explosion; but neither could afford to go so far. Possibly the executions which are taking place among the soldiery may lead to an outbreak. The feud between the Jesuits and the other Catholic sects may serve as a nucleus for a conspiracy. But this is vague conjecture. The worst of bad governments is, that after a time they unfit their subjects for the sacred duty of insurrection and self-rule; it is a melancholy truth that no nation, once enslaved, ever completely and permanently recovered its liberty.

A MEMORIAL.

SHE was a *perfect lady*—my dear old tortoise-shell cat! She had a bosom as white as the driven snow, and her four white feet stepped daintily as she went about the house, always avoiding the dust or wet.

She loved best to sit before the parlor fire, very erect and quiet, looking dreamily at the flickering flames with her half-closed amber eyes, confident that the world went well with her.

If she laid her smooth length upon the rug, it was done with a high-bred languor and an elegant ease that bespoke, beyond a doubt, her aristocratic pedigree. She seldom lost her self-possession, even under the most trying circumstances; and when the sight of one of her natural enemies—a dog or a rat—roused her native ferocity, I assure you there was no trifling in the panther-like spring and the strong stroke of that usually delicate paw. They were always fatal to the one, and sent the other yelping and astonished from the premises.

She doubtless could remember when she had been a giddy young thing, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" but that was many years ago, and she only recollected it in excuse for her kittens, who indulged themselves in very undignified antics, spinning round after their own tails, or playing bo-peep over the back of the stuffed easy chair, or even going so far as to hug their mother round her neck, bestowing sundry little kicks with their hind feet upon her matronly breast. Sometimes she would bear this with a complacent smile, but oftener she would send the audacious offspring across the room with a boxed ear.

She had a new family once a year, and never was mother more anxious and untiring than she until they were old enough to take care of themselves; then she would turn over a new leaf, and treat them with the utmost severity, never allowing them the least freedom with her, and finally abandoning them altogether.

To one living creature only was she unwavering in her affection, and that one was myself. She understood that I was an old maid—alone in the world. We loved each other dearly, and were faithful to the last, as you shall hear. We slept, ate, and walked together; in fact, we were never separated until her untimely death bereft me of my dear companion.

But let me not anticipate.

Well I remember her at meals, when she sat serenely in a chair at table, waiting to be helped.

I always cut up her food, and placed the plate before her. She would then raise her fore-paws to the edge of the table, hook up one piece at a time with her claw, and carry it carefully and gracefully to her mouth.

When she had finished, she sat back in her chair again, winking and purring benignly, until my meal was finished also.

She was a famous mouser! A day seldom passed that she did not bring her game into the house to exhibit. If I did not notice when she entered, she would wait patiently, with the little burden in her mouth, until I should see fit to turn and praise her dexterity; but if patience had not the desired effect, she would lay the mouse in a conspicuous place, and then pull at my skirts with her claws, making a coaxing sound in her throat, as if to say, "Do take notice of me; it is all I live for!" Then she would take it into the porch and devour it: beginning with the head, she would let it gradually disappear down her throat, until the little spiral tail itself finally vanished from sight.

Closed doors were no hindrance to Pussy. She could raise the latch and open a door as well as you could do it. She would spring up at the handle, cling to it with one paw, and pat the spoon of the latch with the other until it was raised, and she could swing herself out of the room.

Thus we lived together year after year, until one day my brother, in California, wrote a letter, begging me to come out to him and keep his house. He represented that I had nothing to regret in leaving my old, solitary home (I looked at my cat with indignant tenderness), but that, if I came to California, I might very likely get well married (I looked in the glass this time). He held out many other fine inducements, and, after much reflection, I made up my mind I would go.

In a few days I had sold all my household goods, and my baggage stood ready at the door, awaiting the coach to take me on board the steamer.

There were only six trunks, a bandbox, two carpet-bags, and an umbrella. Not much luggage for a lone woman; do you think so?

During my bustling preparation, Puss had been utterly unable to comprehend the unusual proceedings. I think her suspicions were roused, for she sat all the time about in corners, and an unsettled expression pervaded her whole demeanor. My heart misgave me about her many times; but I felt that a separation was inevitable, and I tried to nerve myself against the approaching trial; but now, as I stood in the doorway, the dear creature came forward, and, seating herself upon one of the carpet-bags, gave vent to a cry the most piteous ever torn from the breast of mortal cat. It was heart-rending! A sudden thought flashed across me; my resolution was taken. I took her in my arms, and said, "Jemima! we never will part; you, too, shall go to California."

And she did go.

We sailed on the ocean for ten days without seeing land, and we suffered as no woman knows, unless she has taken that voyage herself. There were more than eighty little children on board, and they bore it with more heroism than their elders after all.

Many a little girl cast longing eyes upon my companion as she lay, hour after hour, in my lap, while I sat on deck; but Pussy was very exclusive, and preferred making no new acquaintances. I carried her in my arms across the Isthmus, much to the amusement of some of my fellow-passengers; and many were the jests upon our humble selves passed round among those idlers who have nothing better to do than to ridicule old maids. But what cared Pussy and I? Were we not stanch friends and true? and didn't we believe in each other's *sincerity?* And that was more than any of the rest did.

After another long and tedious voyage, full of privation and hardship, we came to our new promised land. Here we found every thing to our satisfaction. Kind and ready friends soon made me feel at home again, and the truly wonderful supply of *rats* made it an "El Dorado" indeed to Pussy.

The city being overrun with Chinese (a very queer race of people, but who, nevertheless, make good servants), I engaged one to be my cook, and, except for this circumstance, my beautiful tortoise-shell cat might, to this day, have basked in the warmth of my sunny window-sill; but cruel fate ordained it otherwise. She was a martyr. On entering the kitchen one day I beheld—and my eyes almost started from their sockets at the sight—I beheld, I say, the wretched Chinaman in the act of *skinning* my cat! having previously put an end to her happy existence with the carving-knife.

I rushed forward in speechless agony. He looked up from his horrid work, smilingly, only to make me understand in his broken language that *his countrymen thought cats very good eating, and that he was preparing this for dinner!*

What did I do? Oh, my dear friends, words are too weak to express my distress or my indignation! I never had another Chinese cook, and I never had another cat. With many tears I wrapped the once lovely form in a linen shroud, and, with my own hands, I buried her in the most retired corner of my garden. Over her grave I have caused to be raised a little monument of white stone, with this verse engraved to her memory:

> "Cut off in the prime of her days,
> By cruelty brought to her end,
> This stone to her virtue I raise,
> JEMIMA, my cat and my friend!"

I shall never love a cat again; but I have another, and even a prettier pet now. It is *my baby;* for my brother's prophecy came true, and I am no longer an "old maid."

OUT AT ELBOWS.

DULY at morn and night I explore Broadway, from the Battery to Union Square. I am as punctual as a poor clerk with a hard master and a small salary. I have no master, however, and, what is still worse, no salary. Having no business, except writing, I walk Broadway for exercise, and to see life. It rests me when I am weary; it amuses me when I am sad. Sometimes it saddens me when I am gay; but of that hereafter, perhaps.

My observation is more whimsical than profound. I begin with a determination to observe men and manners closely; but before I am aware of it, I am guessing the number of letters in the signs, or admiring a new pattern of vase in the china-shops. When I come to myself I smile sarcastically at my infirmity of purpose, and begin anew. Five minutes after, I am on the other side of the street, in front of a bookstore, scrutinizing the new books. My vivid imagination pictures the distant day when I too shall have arrived at the dignity of print and binding, and I strut on proudly, wrapping my cloak around me like a royal mantle. Many are my backslidings from the path of knowledge, but many are the flowers that I gather by the roadside. I see more than I dream of at the time; glimpses of faces linger and ripen in my memory, and beautiful and bizarre dresses

> "Hang out their banners on its outer walls."

When my great æsthetic work, in three quarto volumes, "THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS IN AMERICA," appears, the world will be amazed at my power of observation.

I have a warm interest in some of the men and women that I meet in Broadway. Their faces are as familiar to me as the face of my beloved. I could describe the color of their hair and eyes; imitate the peculiarities of their gait; and draw up a pretty correct inventory of their wardrobe. I know when they need new garments (a few, it grieves me to say, need them sadly at present), and when they have new garments, I rejoice.

Five or six weeks ago I noticed a gentleman, whom I have since seen daily. It was the dusk of a raw November evening, one of those nights when the wind is damp and cold, and sensible people who have no business to keep them out of doors, hurry home as fast as they can. I was sunning myself in a tropical picture at Goupil's window when he passed, brushing my elbow. I turned suddenly, and caught his profile as he glided noiselessly away. There was something in his face that made me look at him again. It was a pale face, manly but irresolute: a little spot of bloom lingered in the cheek, like a tint of summer in a fading autumn leaf. The lips were thin and compressed, but more, it seemed, from habit than firmness of character. His coat was buttoned up tight to the chin, and his hat was pushed down firmly over his brow. I followed in his wake as far as the St. Nicholas, where I lost him. He must have impressed me deeply; for I remember counting but three signs, and crossing the street twice in the whole time!

I sauntered slowly homeward, and wondering who he was, associated him in my mind with the late Edgar A. Poe. It was a freak of fancy on a slight base of fact. Nine or ten years ago, when I first put pen to paper, I had a passage at arms with Mr. Poe. It grew out of a copy of verses which I wrote, and sent him in his editorial capacity. He said the verses were good (I fear he flattered me), but that I was not their author. This produced a reply from me, which reply produced a further difference of opinion. After a few complimentary remarks we parted, and spake no more. I felt bitterly toward the lover of "the lost Lenore," until I saw him again, on a rainy autumn night, standing under a ragged and dripping awning, in a forlorn and beggarly neighborhood. I had an umbrella, but he had none. My first impulse was to go up to him, and offer him half of mine; but fearing a repulse, I passed on, leaving him there in the rain. I have never forgiven myself for it. I see his sallow face, and his dark haunting eyes, whenever I pass the spot. Poor fellow! he too was out at elbows—out at elbows in the soul!

I met my new street-friend again the next morning. He was on his way down town, with a crowd of clerks and bookkeepers. I saw that he was a gentleman by birth, but that he was in some subordinate position. Not because his clothes were shabby, for they were better than my own, but—I divined it. Some men are always well-dressed, no matter how poor and old their garments may be; others are always ill-dressed, though clothed in purple and fine linen. A true gentleman is always well-dressed, unless his boots are bad. The boots of my street-friend were old, but they fitted his foot neatly, and were freshly polished. "I'll warrant he blacks them himself," was my thought, and I was right. Mark Wilmot's only servant is—Mark Wilmot.

When I began this paper I meant to describe Mr. Wilmot's personal appearance; but on reading over what I have written, I find I have not done so. I have given him pale cheeks, compressed lips, and a coat buttoned up to the chin. These be indeed faint outlines, but they must stand. I can not fill them up properly. I flatter myself that I am skilled in character-painting, as you will see, when you read my thrilling novel, "THE GREAT-HEARTED NEWSBOY;" but Mark Wilmot baffles me. I have often tried to catch the expression of his face, and define it on paper. Many an idle moment has it occupied my mind, and many a good sheet of foolscap have I wasted, to no purpose. He is my ideal Man in the Iron Mask.

I soon found that I expected to see him daily; for when by any chance I missed him, I was lonesome and moody. Neither my successful guesses at the sum total of the signs, the new vases that I saw in the windows, nor yet a brightening prospect of seeing myself on the booksellers' shelves—to say nothing of a pair of black eyes which now and then beamed upon me, from under such a love of a bonnet!—none of these things quite satisfied me, unless I saw Mark Wilmot in the course of my walk.

Time flew, if I may use so bold an expression. Autumn died into winter, and the Old Year passed away to make room for the New. My New-Year's calls led me to the house of Mrs. Leo Hunter, who sat all day in state in her front parlor, under the lighted chandelier, waiting to receive the homage of her numerous admirers. She gave us a feast of reason, thinking that most of us needed nothing more; which was true of myself, for I had nibbled nineteen pieces of plum-cake and drank a fabulous quantity of lemonade, before reaching the shrine of genius.

As I passed into the hall a gentleman passed out. It was Mark Wilmot. We met face to face, bowed, exchanged a look of recognition, and separated, he to continue his calls elsewhere, and I to whisper those gilded nothings, "the compliments of the season," to Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"By-the-way," said I, after the customary greetings, "who was the gentleman that I met in the hall just now? I often pass him in the street."

"Marié, child," said Mrs. Leo Hunter, to a young lady in the corner, "who was he? I forget his name. He is one of your friends."

"It was Mr. Wilmot, ma'am."

"Ah, true; Mr. Mark Wilmot. I remember his wife; a charming person. She dresses elegantly. You must have met her here."

"I dare say," I replied. "Mrs. Leo Hunter has the faculty of drawing charming people about her. I see scores of them at her receptions. Have I not seen the celebrated authors of 'The long, long Heavens,' and 'Shillings and Sixpences;' the sweet but mournful poetess, Carrie Cauliflower, whose 'Spirit Sigh' is blown abroad on all the wings of fame; the talented but strong-minded author of 'The Merciful Magdalen;' and Mrs. L. H. herself, the modern Sappho?"

The modern Sappho tapped my cheek with her fan, and called me a sarcastic wretch. I was on the point of replying, but was prevented by a batch of new arrivals, among whom was a fiery young author, who had vowed vengeance against me for speaking my mind about his book in *The Literary Mohawk* (I am the book-reviewer of that independent journal); so I departed, burning to know more of Mark Wilmot.

My wish was soon gratified. For spending one cold January night, or what little remained of it—say from ten to twelve—at *The Century Club*, I had the pleasure of an introduction to him. *The Century* is our best New York club. It might not impress an Englishman, accustomed to the crack clubs of London, those fashionable clubs in the neighborhood of St. James's, the resort of young gentlemen of fortune, who may be seen at the windows, or lounging about the steps, now eying the ladies through their quizzing-glasses, and now tapping their military boots with small riding whips; it might not suit John Bull, but then John is hard to suit, especially when the sea rolls between him and the sound of his beloved bells. Doubtless Major Pendennis and similar old tuft-hunters would sneer at *The Century;* but the Major's spiritual creator, genial Makepeace Thackeray, delights in it. At least so think sundry of his admirers, members of the club. I am not myself a member of the club, for I have neither time to attend its meetings, nor (but this is between ourselves) money to pay its fees. But I have a friend who is, and occasionally I spend an hour with him in the club-rooms.

On the night in question my friend and I were indulging in small talk, and discussing a couple of cigars, when the American Thackeray, the accomplished author of "The Noodle at Newport," entered the room we were in, accompanied by Mr. Wilmot. We nodded a welcome, and, removing our legs from the chairs in which they were resting, invited him and his companion to be seated by us. He assented, and we ordered cigars and whisky punches for four.

"Mr. Wilmot, gentlemen."

We rose and bowed.

"You look cold, Sir," said I; "permit me to place your chair by the fire. It is a bitter night."

He thanked me, and sat down in front of the fire. By this time the waiter reappeared bearing four small blue pitchers with silver lids, and a bunch of mild cigars. We divided the pitchers among us, and took each a cigar. Mr. Wilmot lighted his at the grate, while I was twisting my last poem into a lighter. Anxious to impress my friend, the American Thackeray began a disquisition on the objectivity of the ancients, and the subjectivity of the moderns, taking for his text a picture at Newport! Knowing my ignorance of the fine arts, I sat and listened, glancing at Mr. Wilmot with half-closed eyes. He leaned his hands on his knees, and stared dreamily into the fire. The fire threw a rich warm light on his face, melting its paleness, and deepening and enlarging its bloom. His head was slightly bald, his chestnut hair was touched with gray, and yet there were no signs of age about him. He looked younger than usual. But for a wrinkle at the corner of his eyes he might still have passed for a young man. He was dressed just as I had always seen him, in a suit of rusty black, years behind the fashion. It was neat, but pitiful, it was so thread-bare. You felt that he was poor—a gentleman out at elbows.

He gazed steadily into the fire, studying its red core of heat; but his mind seemed far away. There was no recognition of the present in his vacant eyes.

"Of what is he thinking?" I thought, "of the past, or the future? What pictures rise up before him? what shapes long since dead?"

I was drifting off into a sea of reverie when he roused himself, relighted his cigar which had gone out, and began to sip his punch.

While I had been watching Mr. Wilmot the fine art disquisition had somehow shifted from the picture at Newport to the ladies in Broadway. My friend was criticising them.

"I have traveled," said he, "in three continents, and have seen women of all ranks in each; but I have seen none who compare with the women of America in fondness for dress. Perhaps I am too sweeping when I say, the women of America; let me correct myself and say, the women of American cities. There is still a little simplicity left in the country. Miss is not wholly a peacock there, unless she has been spoiled by a winter in town. But her more polished city sisters, the beautiful but soulless creatures, who flaunt in Broadway daily, dressed in the most expensive and the least durable dresses, which they trail and drag through dust and mud, splendid alike in sunshine and in storm—I have not words to express my contempt for them. God help their fathers and husbands!"

I protested on behalf of the ladies, as a gallant man should do, and charged my friend with being a sour and crusty bachelor.

"I have a strange fancy," said Mr. Wilmot, taking his cigar from his mouth, and joining in the conversation for the first time; "an absurd idea, for which you, Sir," turning to my friend, "are partly answerable. What you said about the dress of our American women set me thinking, and a dream, which was already half formed in my mind, begotten, salamander-like, in the glowing coals, took a definite form and meaning. I imagined a man with an expensive wife! There is no novelty in that, you say. I agree with you: there is more. But there *is* novelty in the character of the man—as I conceive it.

"I shall not begin with my hero's birth and parentage, neither shall I end with his death and burial. The most that I shall attempt will be to sketch an episode in his life. It will be the merest outline—a suggestion, and nothing more.

"At the beginning of my dream he is rich—rich in his own inheritance, richer still in expectations. His parents belonged to the old Knickerbocker race—the first families and wealthy citizens of forty years ago. He was educated after the fashion of the day. His father sent him to college, gave him a course of travel on the Continent, and then took him into the counting-house and made him a partner. He had a fine head for business, and had he been born poor he might easily have become rich; but being rich already, the chances were in favor of his becoming poor. Like the sons of most rich men, he had no incentive to exertion. Why should he exert himself when he had money enough, and his position in life was certain?

He sat down and folded his hands, and let the days and years slip away. His tastes and habits were expensive; but he could afford to gratify them, so they injured no one. His money was his own, he reasoned, and he had a right to spend it as he pleased. Admitting the force of this argument—the usual plea of spendthrifts—there is still a higher law to which we must all submit, the good sense of mankind! We must answer for our follies before that tribunal as well as to our own consciences. I may know myself to be a fool, but I can not afford to have the world think me one.

"My dream-hero lived in an establishment of his own, a bachelor's snuggery, at a quiet out-of-the-way hotel. He had a suite of parlors fitted up in superb style, and a stud of blood horses. He was a capital four-in-hand, and every summer afternoon he might have been seen driving out of town into the direction of Cato's, passing every thing on the road. He gave magnificent suppers at his rooms, *petite soupers à la Regenæ*, which were the envy of all the young bucks about town. They drank deeply, and played heavily, winning and losing thousands of dollars at a sitting. He was a great fool in some matters, there is no doubt of that; but there was a vein of shrewdness in him, as there often is in fools, which would have saved him in the end. Only one thing prevented it—he married an expensive wife!"

Here Mr. Wilmot paused, and gazed into the fire, as if he had lost the thread of his fantasy, and was waiting for a moment of inspiration in which to finish it. He puffed his cigar vigorously, and was soon wrapt in a cloud of smoke. The light of the fire passed from his face, and danced away on the wall behind him.

"'What will keep one,'" he resumed, "'will keep two.' So runs the old saw. It may be true of the Poor, but it is false of the Rich. Given the waste of one prodigal, no proofs of mental arithmetic can work out the waste of two, particularly when the second is a lady! My friend gave up his bachelor's snuggery, bought a fine house, or what was at that time considered a fine house, in a fashionable part of the town. I think it was in Bleecker Street! Were I relating a story of to-day, I should locate him in the Fifth Avenue; but as I make him flourish thirty or forty years ago, I confine myself to probabilities, and stick to Bleecker Street! He had a noble old mansion in the noble old Knickerbocker style. None of your brown-stone gimcracks, sixteen feet broad, and six stories high; but a substantial old brick house, with a tall stoop, a long piazza, and dormer-windows on the roof. It was fitted up in the grandest way. The furniture was imported from Paris, the carpets were from Turkey and Persia; while the pictures, of which there was a gallery, were by the best living artists, with here and there a genuine Old Master. There were cabinets of rare china—Sèvres and Dresden vases, uncouth tea-pots and saucers of the Tang dynasty; a marvelously ugly tureen of Palissy ware, and the deuce knows what besides. The china was not pretty, but it cost a heap of money, as the nursery-novelists say. This, and other household extravagances, the full-length mirrors in every room, the stately marble busts, the beautiful Parian statuettes, the massive gold and silver plate, the cellar of old wine—it was not these things that ruined my friend. Nor his stud of blood horses, nor Madame his wife's coach with outsiders in livery. No, it was Madame's round of balls, parties, and dinners—her numberless new dresses, her pearls and diamonds, her summers at the watering-places, her daily and hourly profusion and waste—in short, Madame herself!

"'We must retrench, my dear,' said the husband to his wife one day. 'I have failed.'

"'But *I* have not failed,' she answered, 'and I will *not* retrench.'

"But she had to retrench, in spite of herself. For when she ordered her carriage to go a-shopping the coachman refused to harness the horses until his six months' wages were paid! She called a hack and was driven to the Stewart's of that time—I forget who it was—but his clerks refused to cut the five yards of point lace that she wanted (it was only one hundred dollars a yard!) until it was paid for! She bowed and smiled, and riding away in her hack gave a rival house, where they were not so particular, the preference!

"She patronized all the trades-people who would trust her, and flourished for a short time longer. But she had to come down at last. Certain ruthless men called creditors, engaged certain other ruthless men called sheriffs, and armed them with certain deadly weapons called writs. They attacked the house in a posse, and compelled the garrison to surrender. The garrison marched out, not with flying colors and the honors of war, but basely and ignominiously; and a sanguinary flag was displayed over the door! The house was sacked by a General Auctioneer! Their mirrors and carpets were knocked down to an ambitious landlady, a wily picture-cleaner took their Old Masters, while the rare old china went to all sorts of people at their own prices. A newly-married Irishwoman bid off the tureen of Palissy ware for a pickle-dish!

"The gentleman went into business again, as soon as he had passed through his bankruptcy. He was not successful. How indeed could he be successful, with such an expensive wife?

"You will say he might have talked to her, and reasoned with her. So he might, and so he did, but in vain. She would not be reasoned with. She was proud and imperious, and *would* have what she wanted, in spite of the cost. Of course he failed again. The path of such a man can but be downward. He went through a sliding-scale of failures, and ended as a clerk, or book-keeper, or some menial of the sort. I have not quite made up my mind what poetical justice to inflict upon him."

Here Mr. Wilmot paused again, and drank the remnant of his punch. The light of the fire returned to his face, flickered a moment on his thin sarcastic lips, and then dropped down to his feet.

"My dream breaks here," he said at last. "I glower into the coals for the rest of it, but it refuses to show itself to the light. The embers grow confused. The character of the man (it was his character, or something about it, that struck me as being novel, remember, and not his life), his character seems to undergo a great change, but the woman is as proud and imperious as of old. She fights poverty, step by step, haughtily, resolutely, meanly. The man is a wag in his way, a strange one I confess, and he resolves to punish her; or, failing in that, to punish himself for his past follies. He makes her dress as richly as his means, stretched to the utmost, will allow, while he goes willfully out at elbows. He feels a grim satisfaction in sacrificing himself to his poverty. To sacrifice one's self is a noble thing, in the abstract; but to sacrifice one's self, as he does, is not noble. It is bad, and weak. His sacrifices are not made with humility, but with pride—a cold, hard, bitter pride, which would be laughable, if it were not painful and morbid. He would not rise above his present condition, even if he could. Why should he? he would rise only to fall again. He wastes his life in drudgery, obscure and unknown. Now and then he walks Broadway in his suit of rusty black, stared at by the crowd. And when his wife goes to fashionable balls and parties—for she will not be cured of her old weakness—he calls for her at midnight, like a lacky as he is, and bears her home shivering in the cold!— But, mercy on me!" he added abruptly, looking at his watch, and gliding from the bitter tone of his last words into a frank and merry brusqueness, "it's midnight now, and *my* wife is waiting for *me*. I shall catch it! This comes of telling stories at the club. Give me another cigar, and let me go. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" said we; and calling the waiter to refill three of the blue pitchers, we drank the health of Mark Wilmot, and all true-hearted gentlemen out at elbows.

When I went home that night it was difficult for me to fit my night-key. I thought that some thief had stolen the key-hole, or that the landlady had taken it in, to keep it from catching cold! Cigars always serve me so. But at last I found the hole, and creeping softly up stairs, found the door of my chamber. I soon fell asleep, but my sleep was disturbed by dreams. First I lost the band of my Kossuth hat, and my pearl shirt stud. Then Mr. Wilmot snatched my cloak, and left me in the pelting rain. Then the ashes of my cigar dropped, and burned a hole in my splendid green velvet vest! I survived these misfortunes, terrible though they were, but only to be married to the black eyes and the love of a bonnet! We made a bridal tour to Newport in company with the American Thackeray, had a happy but bewildering time, and returned to New York again. Then my woes began. I had an expensive wife! She bought all the vases that I had admired in the china shops; all the rare books in the booksellers' windows; two of the biggest gilt signs, and dresses without number, including the five yards of point lace that the clerks refused to cut for Mrs. Wilmot! Then the bills came pouring in. Dry-goods' bills, milliners' bills, bonnet-makers' bills, boot-makers' bills, upholsterers' bills, cabinet-makers' bills, doctors' bills, every body's bills! There was a storm of them. I woke in terror, and lo! all fled. The bills were only flakes of snow, which were falling heavily in the moonshine; and the beautiful black eyes, for whom the dream-bills were run up—Heaven only knows where they were. They were not in my forlorn old attic, that is certain; for what young lady in her senses would think of marrying a poor author, out at elbows?

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Antidote to Strychnine.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, a scientific gentleman gave an interesting account of experiments made by himself on the properties of nicotine and strychnine. He stated that he was induced to make the experiments by the consideration of the specific actions of strychnine and nicotine upon the muscular system. They appeared to be so opposite in character as to lead him to the conviction they might prove to be antidotes to each other's action. It is generally believed that strychnine exerts a specific action upon the lower, or lumbar portions of the spinal column, exciting the muscular system (at least the voluntary muscles) into a state of tetanic contraction, and ultimately producing death, indirectly, by rendering respiration mechanically impossible by virtue of the permanent contraction of the pectoral muscles, and not, as was once supposed, by its action upon the heart. It is also known that the most powerful agent for relaxing the action of the muscles is nicotine, whether administered in the form of tobacco smoke or infusion of the leaves. The experiments being based upon these facts, the following results were attained. A frog lived for forty-seven minutes in a mixture of two solutions, of which one would have destroyed life in four minutes, and the other would have produced paralysis in one minute, and destroyed life in twenty-three minutes. Yet, in the mixture, the animal lived for forty-seven minutes, and afterward for twenty-four hours. Again, a frog immersed in the poison for ten minutes had ultimately recovered, the effects of the strychnine being completely obviated by the action of the nicotine. It is hoped, therefore, that further investigation will establish the important scientific point that, at least in some cases of strychnine poisoning, a valuable antidote may be found in nicotine.

Roman Antiquities in England.—While excavating the floor of a building in Bath, some interesting remains have been discovered within a few weeks past. Among the many objects were coins of Tetricus, Claudius Gothicus, Diocletian, Constantinus Magnus, Magnentius. Some few articles of domestic life were exhumed; also a perfect hand-mill, fourteen inches in diameter, for grinding corn. Fragments of pottery and an urn were also among the relics.

A New Compass.—We see it stated in the English papers that, on the 13th ult., at the Liverpool underwriter's room, Mr. Ralph Reeder, of Cincinnati, exhibited an instrument which is a combination of a universal dial and chronometer. The inventor claims to be enabled to take any horizontal bearing, in any latitude, at any time of the day, by bringing the shadow of the gnomon to its proper place. The gnomon revolves by means of the chronometer, so as to perform one revolution in twenty-four hours; and when the instrument is leveled and elevated to true latitude, and adjusted at the meridian, the gnomon points steadily to the sun, which it follows in its course. And conversely, if the instrument be leveled and elevated to the latitude of the place, and turned round horizontally till the gnomon points to the sun, or till the shadow falls on the proper point, it will be adjusted to the meridian, and an angle or bearing may be laid off by a horizontal gradual motion. It will also solve practically all the problems which can be solved by any armillary sphere, or by spherical trigonometry, so far as its circles and its motions extend. Thus, the declination and the time given, it will show the altitude and the latitude at any hour and at any place. The instrument is constructed on correct mathematical principles, and will be useful in high latitudes where the needle traverses badly. Its accuracy depends on the correctness of the chronometer, by which the index, or gnomon, is moved, and upon its adjustment to the meridian of the place.

Floating Batteries.—An experiment, attended with important results, has been made at Woolwich, England, in order to test the resistance of timber encased with four-inch iron plates, the combined substance being exactly equal to that of the floating batteries. The result proved that these vessels would not be able to endure a heavy cannonade of 68-pounders. A target comprised of timber and iron plates, and weighing thirty tons, was subjected, in the first place to fourteen rounds of 68-pounders fired from a distance of 600 yards. This cannonade splintered the timber, and ten rounds were then fired at 400 yards. The result was entirely destructive to the timber work, and the iron plates, made by the new rolling process, were splintered and broken. The last shot fired went completely through the target, timber and iron included. The iron plates made by hammer were found the most cohesive and enduring.

The Steam Plow is said to be worked successfully in England. By this new invention plowing is done with greater economy and efficiency.

The Production of Silk just now excites great attention in California. The farmers about Napa, Sonoma, Sacramento, Marysville, Grass Valley, San José, and other places, are cultivating the mulberry for the purpose of feeding the silk-worm. One farmer at San José has already twenty-six thousand mulberry trees.

Physiognomy has its believers and disbelievers. Some hold it to be a science and infallible; others stick to the old adage of never judging by appearances. An evidence in support of physiognomy has been lately deduced from the *personnel* of the three individuals who effected the great gold robbery in England. They are all men of sober habits. Agar is a sharp and shrewd business-like man, with a good deal of determination about the mouth. Pierce looks more specious, but able, and rather cunning, with somewhat of a Hebrew cast in his countenance, and might easily pass as a gentleman. Burgess is open-looking and Saxon-like, but with something of a furtive expression in the eye, and, altogether, he is described as a man without decision of character, and calculated to be over-talked by such men as the other prisoners.

New Gold Region in California.—According to recent California advices, a new and extensive gold district has been discovered between the Calaveras and Salt Lick Valley. It is positively stated, that on the first and second ranges of Bear Mountain gold can be obtained on almost every foot of land. A story is told of a hunter who, while pursuing a grizzly on the southern slope of the Salt Lick range, fell into a ravine, severely spraining his back. While lying in a reclining position awaiting aid, he took out his hunting-knife, and, in crevicing, discovered gold. Before rising he took out nine dollars' worth of gold. The discovery here can not be prosecuted to advantage, as no water can be carried up on the slopes of these isolated mountains. In the valleys, however, where water can be obtained, some rich claims will be worked, and an abundant harvest, it is expected, will be reaped.

THE POOR CLARE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I NOW come to the time in which I myself was mixed up with the people that I have been writing about. And to make you understand how I became acquainted with them, I must give you some little account of myself. My father was the younger son of a Devonshire gentleman of moderate property; my eldest uncle succeeded to the estate of his forefathers, my second became an eminent attorney in London, and my father took orders. Like most poor clergymen, he had a large family; and I have no doubt was glad enough when my London uncle, who was a bachelor, offered to take charge of me, and bring me up to be his successor in business.

In this way I came to live in London, in my uncle's house, not far from Gray's Inn, and to be treated and esteemed as his son, and to labor with him in his office. I was very fond of the old gentleman. He was the confidential agent of many country squires, and had attained to his present position as much by knowledge of human nature as by knowledge of law; though he was learned enough in the latter. He used to say his business was law, his pleasure heraldry. With his intimate acquaintance with family history, and all the tragic courses of life therein involved, to hear him talk at leisure times about any coat-of-arms that came across his path, was as good as a play or a romance. Many cases of disputed property dependent on a love of genealogy, were brought to him, as to a great authority on such points. If the lawyer who came to consult him was young, he would take no fee, only give him a long lecture on the importance of attending to heraldry; if the lawyer was of mature age and good standing, he would mulct him pretty well, and abuse him to me afterward as negligent of one great branch of the profession. His house was in a stately new street called Ormond Street, and in it he had a handsome library; but all the books in it treated of things that were past; none of them planned or looked forward into the future. I worked away—partly for the sake of my family at home, partly because my uncle had really taught me to enjoy the kind of practice in which he himself took such delight. I suspect I worked too hard; at any rate, in seventeen hundred and eighteen I was far from well, and my good uncle was disturbed by my ill looks.

One day he rang the bell twice into the clerk's room at the dingy office in Gray's Inn Lane. It was the summons for me, and I went into his private room just as a gentleman—whom I knew well enough by sight as an Irish lawyer of more reputation than he deserved—was leaving.

My uncle was slowly rubbing his hands together and considering. I was there two or three minutes before he spoke. Then he told me that I must pack up my portmanteau that very afternoon, and start that night by post-horse for West Chester. I should get there, if all went well, at the end of five days' time, and must then wait for a packet to cross over to Dublin; from thence I must proceed to a certain town named Kildoon, and in that neighborhood I was to remain, making certain inquiries as to the existence of any descendant of the younger branch of a family to whom some valuable estates had descended in the female line. The Irish lawyer whom I had seen was weary of the case, and would willingly have given up the property without further ado to a man who appeared to claim them; but on laying his tables and trees before my uncle, the latter had foreseen so many possible prior claimants, that the lawyer had begged him to undertake the management of the whole business. In his youth, my uncle would have liked nothing better than going over to Ireland himself, and ferreting out every scrap of paper or parchment, and every word of tradition respecting the family. As it was, old and gouty, he deputed me.

Accordingly, I went to Kildoon. I suspect I had something of my uncle's delight in following up a genealogical scent, for I very soon found out, when on the spot, that Mr. Rooney the Irish lawyer would have got both himself and the first claimant into a terrible scrape, if he had pronounced his opinion that the estates ought to be given up to him. There were three poor Irish fellows, each nearer of kin to the last possessor; but a generation before there was a still nearer relation, who had never been accounted for, nor his existence ever discovered by the lawyers, I venture to think, till I routed him out from the memory of some of the old dependents of the family. What had become of him? I traveled backward and forward; I crossed over to France, and came back again with a slight clew, which ended in my discovering that, wild and dissipated himself, he had left one child, a son, of yet worse character than his father; that this same Hugh Fitzgerald had married a very beautiful serving-woman of the Byrnes—a person below him in hereditary rank, but above him in character; that he had died soon after his marriage, leaving one child, whether a boy or a girl I could not learn, and that the mother had returned to live in the family of the Byrnes. Now the chief of this latter family was serving in the Duke of Berwick's regiment, and it was long before I could hear from him; it was more than a year before I got a short, haughty letter—I fancy he had a soldier's contempt for a civilian, an Irishman's hatred for an Englishman, an exiled Jacobite's jealousy of one who prospered and lived tranquilly under the government he looked upon as an usurpation. "Bridget Fitzgerald," he said, "had been faithful to the fortunes of his sister—had followed her abroad and to England when Mrs. Starkey had thought fit to return. Both his sister and her husband were dead; he knew nothing of Bridget Fitzgerald at the present time: probably Sir Philip Tempest, his nephew's guardian, might be able to give me some information." I have not given the little contemptuous terms; the way in which faithful service was meant to imply more than it said—all that has nothing to do with my story. Sir Philip, when applied to, told me that he paid an annuity regularly to an old woman named Fitzgerald, living at Coldholme (the village near Starkey Manor House). Whether she had any descendants he could not say.

One bleak March evening, I came in sight of the places described in the beginning of my story. I could hardly understand the rude dialect in which the direction to old Bridget's house was given.

"Yo' see yon furleets" all run together, gave me no idea that I was to guide myself by the distant lights that shone in the windows of the hall, occupied for the time by a farmer who held the post of steward, while the Squire, now four or five and twenty, was making the grand tour. However, at last, I reached Bridget's cottage—a low, moss-grown place; the palings that had once surrounded it were broken and gone; and the underwood of the forest came up to the walls, and must have darkened the windows. It was about seven o'clock—not late to my London notions—but, after knocking for some time at the door and receiving no reply, I was driven to conjecture that the occupant of the house was gone to bed. So I betook myself to the nearest church I had seen, three miles back on the road I had come, sure that close to that I should find an inn of some kind; and early the next morning I set off back to Coldholme, by a field-path which my host assured me I should find a shorter cut than the road I had taken the night before. It was a cold, sharp morning; my feet left prints in the sprinkling of hoar-frost that covered the ground; nevertheless, I saw an old woman, whom I instinctively suspected to be the object of my search, in a sheltered covert on one side of my path. I lingered and watched her. She must have been considerably above the middle size in her prime, for when she raised herself from the stooping position in which I first saw her, there was something fine and commanding in the first erectness of her figure. She drooped again in a minute or two, and seemed looking for something on the ground, as, with bent head, she turned off from the spot where I gazed upon her, and was lost to my sight. I fancy I missed my way, and made a round in spite of the landlord's directions, for by the time I had reached Bridget's cottage she was there, with no semblance of hurried walk or discomposure of any kind. The door was slightly ajar. I knocked, and the majestic figure stood before me, silently awaiting the explanation of my errand. Her teeth were all gone, so the nose and chin were brought near together; the gray eyebrows were straight and almost hung over her deep cavernous eyes, and the thick white hair lay in silvery masses over the low, wide, wrinkled forehead. For a moment I stood uncertain how to shape my answer to the solemn questioning of her silence.

"Your name is Bridget Fitzgerald, I believe?"

She bowed her head in assent.

"I have something to say to you. May I come in? I am unwilling to keep you standing."

"You can not tire me," she said, and at first she seemed inclined to deny me the shelter of her roof. But the next moment—she had searched the very soul in me with her eyes during that instant—she led me in, and dropped the shadowing hood of her gray draping cloak, which had previously hid part of the character of her countenance. The cottage was rude and bare enough. But before that picture of the Virgin, of which I have made mention, there stood a little cup filled with fresh primroses. While she paid her reverence to the Madonna, I understood why she had been out seeking through the clumps of green in the sheltered copse. Then she turned round, and bade me be seated. The expression of her face, which all this time I was studying, was not bad, as the stories of my last night's landlord had led me to expect; it was a wild, stern, fierce, indomitable countenance, seamed and scarred by agonies of solitary weeping; but it was neither cunning nor malignant.

"My name is Bridget Fitzgerald," said she, by way of opening our conversation.

"And your husband was Hugh Fitzgerald, of Knock-Mahon, near Kildoon, in Ireland?"

A faint light came into the dark gloom of her eyes.

"He was."

"May I ask if you had any children by him?"

The light in her eyes grew quick and red. She tried to speak, I could see; but something rose in her throat, and choked her, and until she could speak calmly, she would fain not speak at all before a stranger. In a minute or so she said,

"I had a daughter—one Mary Fitzgerald—" then her strong nature mastered her strong will, and she cried out, with a trembling, wailing cry, "Oh, man! what of her?—what of her?"

She rose from her seat and came and clutched at my arm, and looked in my eyes. There she read, as I suppose, my utter ignorance of what had become of her child; for she went blindly back to her chair, and sat rocking and softly moaning to herself, as if I were not there; I not daring to speak to the lone and awful woman. After a little pause, she knelt down before the picture of our Lady of the Holy Heart, and spoke to her by all the fanciful and poetic names of the Litany,

"Oh, Rose of Sharon! Oh, Tower of David! Oh, Star of the Sea! have you no comfort for my sore heart? Am I for ever to hope? Grant me at least despair,"—and so on she went, heedless of my presence. Her prayers grew wilder and wilder, till they seemed to me to touch on the borders of madness and blasphemy. Almost involuntarily, I spoke as if to stop her.

"Have you any reason to think that your daughter is dead?"

She rose from her knees, and came and stood before me.

"Mary Fitzgerald is dead," said she. "I shall never see her again in the flesh. No tongue ever told me. But I know she is dead. I have yearned so to see her, and my heart's will is fearful and strong; it would have drawn her to me before now, if she had been a wanderer on the other side of the world. I wonder often it has not drawn her out of the grave to come and stand before me, and hear me tell her how I loved her. For, Sir, we parted unfriends."

I knew nothing but the dry particulars needed for my lawyer's quest, but I could not help feeling for the desolate woman; and she must have read the unusual sympathy with her wistful eyes.

"Yes, Sir, we did. She never knew how I loved her; and we parted unfriends; and I fear me that I wished her voyage might not turn out well, only meaning, Oh, blessed Virgin! you know I only meant that she should come home to mother's arms as to the happiest place on earth; but my wishes are terrible—their power goes beyond my thought—and there is no hope for me, if my words brought Mary harm."

"But," I said, "you do not know that she is dead. Even now, you hoped she might be alive. Listen to me," and I told her the tale I have already told you, giving it all in the driest manner, for I wanted to recall the clear sense that I felt almost sure she had possessed in her younger days, and by keeping up her attention to details restrain the vague wildness of her grief.

She listened with deep attention, putting from time to time such questions as convinced me I had to do with no common intelligence, however dimmed and shorn by solitude and mysterious sorrow. Then she took up her tale; and in a few brief words, told me of her wanderings abroad in vain search after her daughter; sometimes in the wake of armies, sometimes in camp, sometimes in city. The lady, whose waiting-woman Mary had gone to be, had died soon after the date of her last letter home; her husband, the foreign officer, had been serving in Hungary, whither Bridget had followed him, but too late to find him. Vague rumors reached her that Mary had made a great marriage; and this sting of doubt was added—whether the mother might not be close to her child under her new name, and even hearing of her every day, and yet never recognizing the lost one under the appellation she then bore. At length the thought took possession of her, that it was possible that all this time Mary might be at home at Coldholme, in the Trough of Bolland, in Lancashire, in England; and home came Bridget in that vain hope to her desolate hearth and empty cottage. Here she had thought it safest to remain; if Mary was in life, it was here she would seek for her mother.

I noted down one or two particulars out of Bridget's narrative that I thought might be of use to me; for I was stimulated to further search in a strange and extraordinary manner. It seemed as if it were impressed upon me, that I must take up the quest where Bridget had laid it down; and this for no reason that had previously influenced me (such as my uncle's anxiety on the subject, my own reputation as a lawyer, and so on), but from some strange power which had taken possession of my will only that very morning, and which forced it in the direction it chose.

"I will go," said I. "I will spare nothing in the search. Trust to me. I will learn all that can be learned. You shall know all that money, or pains, or wit can discover. It is true she may be long dead; but she may have left a child."

"A child!" she cried, as if for the first time this idea had struck her mind. "Hear him, Blessed Virgin! he says she may have left a child. And he never told me, though I have prayed so for a sign, waking or sleeping!"

"Nay," said I, "I know nothing but what you tell me. You say you heard of her marriage."

But she caught nothing of what I said. She was praying to the Virgin in a kind of ecstasy, which seemed to render her unconscious of my very presence.

From Coldholme I went to Sir Philip Tempest's. The wife of the foreign officer had been a cousin of his father's, and from him I thought I might gain some particulars as to the existence of the Count de la Tour d'Auvergne, and where I could find him; for I knew how questions *de vive voix* aid the flagging recollection, and I was determined to lose no chance for want of trouble. But Sir Philip had gone abroad, and it would be some time before I could receive an answer. So I followed my uncle's advice, to whom I had mentioned how wearied I felt, both in body and mind, by my will-o'-the-wisp search. He immediately told me to go to Harrogate, there to await Sir Philip's reply. I should be near to one of the places connected with my search, Coldholme; not far from Sir Philip Tempest, in case he returned, and I wished to ask him any further questions; and, in conclusion, my uncle bade me try to forget all about my business for a time.

This was far easier said than done. I have seen a child on a common blown along by a high wind, without power of standing still and resisting the tempestuous force. I was somewhat in the same predicament as regarded my mental state. Something resistless seemed to urge my thoughts on through every possible course by which there was a chance of attaining to my object. I did not see the sweeping moors when I walked out; when I held a book in my hand, and read the words, their sense did not penetrate to my brain. If I slept, I went on with the same ideas, always flowing in the same direction. This could not last long without having a bad effect on the body. I had an illness, which, although I was racked with pain, was a positive relief to me, as it compelled me to live in the present suffering, and not in the visionary researches I had been continually making before. My kind uncle came to nurse me; and after the immediate danger was over, my life seemed to slip away in delicious languor for two or three months. I did not ask—so much did I dread falling into the old channel of thought—whether any reply had been received to my letter to Sir Philip. I turned my whole imagination right away from all that subject. My uncle remained with me until nigh summer, and then returned to his business in London; leaving me perfectly well, although not completely strong. I was to follow him in a fortnight; when, as he said, "we would look over letters, and talk about several things." I knew what this little speech alluded to, and shrank from the train of thought it suggested, which was so intimately connected with my first feelings of illness. However, I had a fortnight more to roam on those invigorating Yorkshire moors.

In those days, there was one large, rambling inn at Harrogate, close to the Medicinal Spring; but it was already becoming too small for the accommodation of the influx of visitors, and many lodged round about, in the farm-houses of the district. It was so early in the season, that I had the inn pretty much to myself; and, indeed, felt rather like a visitor in a private house, so intimate had the landlord and landlady become with me during my long illness. She would chide me for being out so late on the moors, or for having been too long without food, quite in a motherly way; while he consulted me about vintages and wines, and taught me many a Yorkshire wrinkle about horses. In my walks I met other strangers from time to time. Even before my uncle had left me, I had noticed, with half-torpid curiosity, a young lady of very striking appearance, who went about always accompanied by an elderly companion—hardly a gentlewoman, but with something in her look that prepossessed me in her favor. The younger lady always put her vail down when any one approached; so it had been only once or twice, when I had come upon her at a sudden turn in the path, that I had even had a glimpse of her face. I am not sure it was beautiful, though in after life I grew to think it so. But it was at this time overshadowed by a sadness that never varied; a pale, quiet, resigned look of intense suffering, that irresistibly attracted me—not with love, but with a sense of infinite compassion for one so young yet so hopelessly unhappy. The companion wore something of the same look; quiet, melancholy, hopeless, yet resigned. I asked my landlord who they were. He said they were called Clarke; and wished to be considered as mother and daughter; but that, for his part, he did not believe that to be their right name, nor that there was any such relationship between them. They had been in the neighborhood of Harrogate for some time, lodging in a remote farm-house. The people there would tell nothing about them; saying that they paid handsomely, and never did any harm; so why should they be speaking of any strange things that might happen? That, as the landlord shrewdly observed, showed there was something out of the common way: he had heard that the elderly woman was a cousin of the farmer's where they lodged, and so the regard existing between relations might help to keep them quiet.

"What did he think then, was the reason for their extreme seclusion?" asked I.

"Nay, he could not tell, not he. He had heard that the young lady, for all as quiet as she seemed, played strange pranks at times." He shook his head when I asked him for more particulars, and refused to give them, which made me doubt if he knew any, for he was in general a talkative and communicative man. In default of other interests, after my uncle left, I set myself to watch these two people. I hovered about their walks, drawn toward them with a strange fascination, which was not diminished by their evident annoyance at so frequently meeting me. One day I had the sudden good fortune to be at hand when they were alarmed by the attack of a bull, which, in those uninclosed grazing districts, was a particularly dangerous occurrence. I have other and more important things to relate, than to tell of the accident which gave me an opportunity of rescuing them; it is enough to say, that this event was the beginning of an acquaintance, reluctantly acquiesced in by them, but eagerly prosecuted by me. I can hardly tell when intense curiosity became merged in love, but in less than ten days after my uncle's departure I was passionately enamored of Mistress Lucy, as her attendant called her; carefully—for this I noted well—avoiding any address which appeared as if there was an equality of station between them. I noticed also that Mrs. Clarke, the elderly woman, after her first reluctance to allow me to pay them any attentions was overcome, was cheered by my evident attachment to the young girl; it seemed to lighten her heavy burden of care, and she evidently favored my visits to the farm-house where they lodged. It was not so with Lucy. A more attractive person I never saw, in spite of her depression of manner, and shrinking avoidance of me. I felt sure at once, that whatever was the source of her grief, it arose from no fault of her own. It was difficult to draw her into conversation; but when at times, for a moment or two, I beguiled her into talk, I could see a rare intelligence in her face, and a grave trusting look in the soft gray eyes that were raised for a minute to mine. I made every excuse I possibly could for going there. I sought wild flowers for Lucy's sake; I planned walks for Lucy's sake; I watched the heavens by night, in hopes that some unusual beauty of sky would justify me in tempting Mrs. Clarke and Lucy forth upon the moors, to gaze at the great purple dome above.

It seemed to me that Lucy was aware of my love; but that, for some motive which I could not guess, she would fain have repelled me; but then again I saw, or fancied I saw, that her heart spoke in my favor, and that there was a struggle going on in her mind, which at times (I loved so dearly) I could have begged her to spare herself, even though the happiness of my whole life should have been the sacrifice; for her complexion grew paler, her aspect of sorrow more hopeless, her delicate frame yet slighter. During this period I had written, I should say, to my uncle, to beg to be allowed to prolong my stay at Harrogate, not giving any reason; but such was his tenderness toward me, that in a few days I heard from him, giving me a willing permission, and only charging me to take care of myself, and not use too much exertion during the hot weather.

One sultry evening I drew near the farm. The windows of their parlor were open, and I heard voices as I turned the corner of the house, as I passed the first window (there were two windows in their little ground-floor room). I saw Lucy distinctly; but when I had knocked at their door—the house-door stood always ajar—she was gone, and I only saw Mrs. Clarke, turning over the work-things lying on the table, in a nervous and purposeless manner. I felt by instinct that a conversation of some importance was coming on, in which I should be expected to say what was my object in paying these frequent visits. I was glad of the opportunity. My uncle had several times alluded to the pleasant possibility of my bringing home a young wife to cheer and adorn the old house in Ormond Street. He was rich, and I was to succeed him, and had, as I knew, a fair reputation for so young a lawyer. So on my side I saw no obstacle. It was true that Lucy was shrouded in mystery; her name (I was convinced it was not Clarke), birth, parentage, and previous life were unknown to me. But I was sure of her goodness and sweet innocence, and although I knew that there must be something painful to be told, to account for her mournful sadness, yet I was willing to bear my share in her grief, whatever it was.

Mrs. Clarke began, as if it was a relief to her to plunge into the subject:

"We have thought, Sir—at least I have thought—that you know very little of us, nor we of you, indeed; not enough to warrant the intimate acquaintance we have fallen into. I beg your pardon, Sir," she went on, nervously; "I am but a plain kind of woman, and I mean to use no rudeness; but I must say straight out that I—we—think it would be better for you not to come so often to see us. She is very unprotected, and—"

"Why should I not come to see you, dear madam?" asked I, eagerly, glad of the opportunity of explaining myself. "I come, I own, because I have learnt to love Mistress Lucy, and wish to teach her to love me."

Mistress Clarke shook her head, and sighed.

"Don't, Sir—neither love her, nor, for the sake of all you hold sacred, teach her to love you! If I am too late, and you love her already, forget her—forget these last few weeks. Oh! I should never have allowed you to come!" she went on, passionately; "but what am I to do? We are forsaken by all, except the great God, and even He permits a strange and evil power to afflict us—what am I to do? Where is it to end?" She wrung her hands in her distress; then she turned to me: "Go away, Sir; go away, before you learn to care any more for her. I ask it for your own sake—I implore. You have been good and kind to us, and we shall always recollect you with gratitude; but go away now, and never come back to cross our fatal path."

"Indeed, madam," said I, "I shall do no such thing. You urge me for my own sake. I have no fear, so urged—nor wish, except to hear more—all. I can not have seen Mistress Lucy in all the intimacy of this last fortnight, without acknowledging her goodness and innocence; and without seeing—pardon me, madam—that for some reason you are two very lonely women, in some mysterious sorrow and distress. Now, though I am not powerful myself, yet I have friends who are so wise and kind, that they may be said to possess power. Tell me some particulars. Why are you in grief—what is your secret—why are you here? I declare solemnly that nothing you have said has daunted me in my wish to become Lucy's husband; nor will I shrink from any difficulty that, as such an aspirant, I may have to encounter. You say you are friendless—why cast away an honest friend? I will tell you of people to whom you may write, and who will answer any questions as to my character and prospects. I do not shun inquiry."

She shook her head again. "You had better go away, Sir. You know nothing about us."

"I know your names," said I, "and I have heard you allude to the part of the country from which you came, which I happen to know is a wild and lonely place, and not many people living there. If I chose to go there I could easily ascertain all about you; but I would rather hear it from you yourself." You see I wanted to pique her into telling me something definite.

"You do not know our true names, Sir," said she, hastily.

"Well, I may have conjectured as much. But tell me, then, I conjure you. Give me your reasons for distrusting my willingness to stand by what I may have said with regard to Mistress Lucy."

"Oh! what can I do?" exclaimed she. "If I am turning away a true friend, as he says?—Stay!" coming to a sudden decision—"I will tell you something—I can not tell you all—you would not believe it. But perhaps I can tell you enough to prevent you going on in your hopeless attachment. I am not Lucy's mother."

"So I conjectured," I said. "Go on."

"I do not even know if she is the legitimate or illegitimate child of her father. But he is cruelly turned against her; and her mother is long dead; and, for a terrible reason, she has no other creature to keep constant to her but me. She—only two years ago—such a darling and such a pride in her father's house! Why, Sir, there is a mystery that might happen in connection with her any moment; and then you would go away like all the rest; and when you next heard her name you would loathe her. Others, who have loved her longer, have done so before now. My poor child, whom neither God nor man has mercy upon—or, surely, she would die!"

The good woman was stopped by her crying. I confess I was a little stunned by her last words; but only for a moment. At any rate, till I knew definitely what was this mysterious stain upon one so simple and pure as Lucy seemed, I would not desert her, and so I said; and she made answer:

"If you are daring in your heart to think harm of my child, Sir, after knowing her as you have done, you are no good man yourself; but I am so foolish and helpless in my great sorrow, that I would fain hope to find a friend in you. I can not help trusting that, although you may no longer feel towards her as a lover, you will have pity upon us; and perhaps, by your learning, you can tell us where to go for aid."

"I implore you to tell me," I cried, almost maddened by this suspense.

"I can not," said she, solemnly. "I am under a deep vow of secresy. If you are to be told, it must be by her." She left the room, and I remained to ponder over this strange interview. I mechanically turned over the few books, and, with eyes that saw nothing at the time, examined the tokens of Lucy's frequent presence in that room.

When I got home at night, I remembered how all these trifles spoke of a pure and tender heart, and innocent life. Mistress Clarke returned; she had been crying sadly.

"Yes," said she, "it is as I feared; she loves you so much that she is willing to run the fearful risk of telling you all herself—she acknowledges it is but a poor chance; but your sympathy will be a balm, if you give it. To-morrow, come here at ten in the morning; and, as you hope for pity in your hour of agony, repress all show of fear or repugnance you may feel toward one so grievously afflicted."

I half smiled. "Have no fear," I said. It seemed too absurd to imagine my feeling dislike to Lucy.

"Her father loved her well," said she, gravely, "yet he drove her out like some monstrous thing."

Just at this moment came a peal of ringing laughter from the garden. It was Lucy's voice; it sounded as if she were standing just on one side of the open casement. It sounded as though she were suddenly stirred to merriment—merriment verging on boisterousness by the doings or sayings of some other person. I can scarcely say why, but the sound jarred on me inexpressibly. She knew the subject of our conversation, and must have been at least aware of the state of agitation her friend was in; she herself usually so gentle and quiet. I half rose to go to the window, and satisfy my instinctive curiosity as to what had provoked this burst of ill-timed laughter; but, Mrs. Clarke threw her whole weight and power upon the hand with which she pressed and kept me down.

"For God's sake!" she said, white and trembling all over, "sit still; be quiet. Oh! be patient. To-morrow you will know all. Leave us, for we are sorely afflicted. Do not seek to know more about us."

Again that laugh—so musical in sound, yet so discordant to my heart. She held me tight—tighter; without positive violence I could not have risen. I was sitting with my back to the window, but I felt a shadow pass between the sun's warmth and me, and a strange shudder ran through my frame. In a minute or two she released me.

"Go," repeated she. "Be warned, I ask you once more. I do not think you can stand this knowledge that you seek. If I had had my own way, Lucy should never have yielded, and promised to tell you all. Who knows what may come of it?"

"I am firm in my wish to know all. I return at ten to-morrow morning, and then expect to see Mistress Lucy herself."

I turned away; having my own suspicions, I confess, as to Mistress Clarke's sanity.

Conjectures as to the meaning of her hints, and uncomfortable thoughts connected with that strange laughter, filled my mind. I could hardly sleep. I arose early; and long before the hour I had appointed, I was on the path over the common that led to the old farm-house where they lodged. I suppose that Lucy had passed no better a night than I; for there she was also, slowly pacing with her even step, her eyes bent down, her whole look most saintly and pure. She started when I came close to her, and grew paler as I reminded her of my appointment, and spoke with something of the impatience of obstacles that, seeing her once more, had called up afresh in my mind. All strange and terrible hints, and giddy merriment were forgotten. My heart gave forth words of fire, and my tongue uttered them. Her color went and came, as she listened; but, when I had ended my passionate speeches, she lifted her soft eyes to me, and said:

"But you know that you have something to learn about me yet. I only want to say this; I shall not think less of you—less well of you, I mean—if you, too, fall away from me when you know all. Stop!" said she, as if fearing another burst of mad words. "Listen to me. My father is a man of great wealth. I never knew my mother; she must have died when I was very young. When first I remember any thing, I was living in a great lonely house, with my dear and faithful Mistress Clarke. My father, even, was not there; he was—he is—a soldier, and his duties lay abroad. But he came, from time to time; and every time I think he loved me more and more. He brought me rarities from foreign lands, which prove to me now how much he must have thought of me during his absences. I can sit down and measure the depth of his lost love now, by such standards as these. I never thought whether he loved me or not, then; it was so natural, that it was like the air I breathed. Yet he was an angry man at times, even then; but never with me. He was very reckless, too; and once or twice I heard a whisper among the servants that a doom was over him, and that he knew it, and tried to drown his knowledge in wild activity, and even sometimes, Sir, in wine. So I grew up in this grand mansion, in that lonely place. Every thing around me seemed at my disposal, and I think every one loved me; I am sure I loved them. Till about two years ago—I remember it well—my father had come to England, to us; and he seemed so proud and so pleased with me and all I had done. And one day, his tongue seemed loosened with wine, and he told me much that I had not known till then—how dearly he had loved my mother, yet how his willful usage had caused her death; and then he went on to say how he loved me better than any creature on earth, and how, some day, he hoped to take me to foreign places, for that he could hardly bear these long absences from his only child. Then he seemed to change suddenly, and said, in a strange, wild way, that I was not to believe what he said; that there was many a thing he loved better—his horse—his dog—I know not what.

"And 'twas only the next morning that, when I came into his room to ask his blessing as was my wont, he received me with fierce and angry words. 'Why had I,' so he asked, 'been delighting myself in such wanton mischief—dancing over all the tender plants in the flower-beds, all set with the famous Dutch bulbs he had brought from Holland?' I had never been out of doors that morning, Sir, and I could not conceive what he meant, and so I said; and then he swore at me for a liar, and said I was of no true blood, for he had seen me doing all that mischief himself—with his own eyes. What could I say? He would not listen to me, and even my tears seemed only to irritate him. That day was the beginning of my great sorrows. Not long after he reproached me for my undue familiarity—all unbecoming a gentlewoman—with his grooms. I had been in the stable-yard, laughing and talking, he said. Now, Sir, I am something of a coward by nature, and I had always dreaded horses; besides that, my father's servants—those whom he brought with him from foreign parts—were wild fellows whom I had always avoided, and to whom I had never spoken except as a lady must needs from time to time speak to her father's people. Yet my father called me by names of which I hardly know the meaning, but my heart told me they were such as shame any modest woman; and from that day he turned quite against me;—nay, Sir, not many weeks after that, he came in with a riding-whip in his hand; and, accusing me harshly of evil doings, of which I knew no more than you, Sir, he was about to strike me, and I, all in bewildering tears, was ready to take his stripes as great kindness compared to his harder words, when suddenly he stopped his arm midway, gasped and staggered, crying out, 'The curse—the curse!' I looked up in terror. In the great mirror opposite I saw myself, and right behind another wicked fearful self, so like me that my soul seemed to quiver within me, as though not knowing to which similitude of body it belonged. My father saw my double at the same moment, either in its dreadful reality, whatever that might be, or in the scarcely less terrible reflection in the mirror; but what came of it at that moment I can not say, for I suddenly swooned away; and when I came to myself I was lying in my bed, and my faithful Clarke sitting by me. I was in my bed for days; and even while I lay there my double was seen by all, flitting about the house and gardens, always about some mischievous or detestable work. What wonder that every one shrank from me in dread—that my father drove me forth at length, when the disgrace of which I was the cause was past his patience to bear. Mistress Clarke came with me; and here we try to live such a life of piety and prayer as may in time set me free from the curse."

All the time she had been speaking, I had been weighing her story in my mind. I had hitherto put cases of witchcraft on one side, as mere superstitions; and my uncle and I had had many an argument, he supporting himself by the opinion of his good friend Sir Matthew Hale. Yet this sounded like the tale of one bewitched; or was it merely the effect of a life of extreme seclusion telling on the nerves of a sensitive girl? My scepticism inclined me to the latter belief, and when she paused I said:

"I fancy that some physician could have disabused your father of his belief in visions—"

Just at that instant, standing as I was opposite to her in the full and perfect morning light, I saw behind her another figure—a ghastly resemblance, complete in likeness, so far as form and feature and minutest touch of dress could go, but with a loathsome demon soul looking out of the gray eyes, that were in turns mocking and voluptuous. My heart stood still within me; every hair rose up erect; my flesh crept with horror. I could not see the grave and tender Lucy—my eyes were fascinated by the creature beyond. I know not why, but I put out my hand to clutch it; I grasped nothing but empty air, and my whole blood curdled to ice. For a moment I could not see; then my sight came back, and I saw Lucy standing before me, alone, deathly pale, and I could have fancied, almost, shrunk in size.

"IT has been near me?" she said, as if asking a question.

The sound seemed taken out of her voice; it was husky as the notes on an old harpsichord when the strings have ceased to vibrate. She read her answer in my face, I suppose, for I could not speak. Her look was one of intense fear, but that died away into an aspect of most humble patience. At length she seemed to force herself to face behind and around her: she saw the purple moors, the blue distant hills, quivering in the sunlight, but nothing else.

"Will you take me home?" she said, meekly.

I took her by the hand, and led her silently through the budding heather—we dared not speak; for we could not tell but that the dread creature was listening, although unseen—but that IT might appear and push us asunder. I never loved her more fondly than now when—and that was the unspeakable misery—the idea of her was becoming so inextricably blended with the shuddering thought of IT. She seemed to understand what I must be feeling. She let go my hand, which she had kept clasped until then, when we reached the garden gate, and went forward to meet her anxious friend, who was standing by the window looking for her. I could not enter the house: I needed silence, society, leisure, change—I knew not what—to shake off the sensation of that creature's presence. Yet I lingered about the garden—I hardly know why; I suppose partly because I feared to encounter the resemblance again on the solitary common, where it had vanished, and partly from a feeling of inexpressible compassion for Lucy. In a few minutes Mistress Clarke came forth and joined me. We walked some paces in silence.

"You know all now," said she, solemnly.

"I saw IT," said I, below my breath.

"And you shrink from us now," she said, with a hopelessness which stirred up all that was brave or good in me.

"Not a whit," said I. "Human flesh shrinks from an encounter with the powers of darkness; and for some reason unknown to me the pure and holy Lucy is their victim."

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," she said.

"Who is her father?" asked I. "Knowing as much as I do, I may surely know more—know all. Tell me, I entreat you, Madam, all that you can conjecture respecting this demoniac persecution of one so good."

"I will; but not now. I must go to Lucy now. Come this afternoon, I will see you alone; and oh, Sir, I will trust that you may yet find some way to help us in sore trouble."

I was miserably exhausted by the swooning affright which had taken possession of me. When I reached the inn, I staggered in like one overcome by wine. I went to my own private room. It was some time before I saw that the weekly post had come in, and brought me my letters. There was one from my uncle, one from my home in Devonshire, and one, redirected over the first address, sealed with a great coat-of-arms. It was from Sir Philip Tempest; my letter of inquiry respecting Mary Fitzgerald had reached him at Liège, where it so happened that the Count de la Tour d'Auvergne was quartered at the very time. He remembered his wife's beautiful attendant; she had had high words with the deceased countess respecting her intercourse with an English gentleman of good standing, who was also in the foreign service. The countess augured evil of his intentions; while Mary, proud and vehement, asserted that he would soon marry her, and resented her mistress's warnings as an insult. The consequence was, that she had left Madame de la Tour d'Auvergne's service, and, as the count believed, had gone to live with the Englishman; whether he had married her or not, he could not say. "But," added Sir Philip Tempest, "you may easily hear what particulars you wish to know respecting Mary Fitzgerald from the Englishman himself, if, as I suspect, he is no other than my neighbor and former acquaintance, Mr. Gisborne, of Skipford Hall, in the West Riding. I am led to the belief that he is no other by several small particulars, none of which are in themselves conclusive, but which, taken together, make a mass of presumptive evidence. As far as I could make out from the count's foreign pronunciation, Gisborne was the name of the Englishman; I know that Gisborne of Skipford was abroad and in the foreign service at that time—he was a likely fellow enough for such an exploit; and, above all, certain expressions recur to my mind which he used in reference to old Bridget Fitzgerald, of Coldholme, whom he once encountered while staying with me at Starkey Manor House. I remember that the meeting seemed to have produced some extraordinary effect upon his mind, as though he had suddenly discovered some connection which she might have had with his previous life. I beg you to let me know if I can be of any further service to you. Your uncle once rendered me a good turn, and I will gladly repay it, so far as in me lies, to his nephew."

I was now apparently close on the discovery which I had striven so many months to attain. But success had lost its zest. I put my letters down, and seemed to forget them all in thinking of the morning I had passed that very day. Nothing was real but the unreal presence, which had come like an evil blast across my bodily eyes, and burnt itself down upon my brain. Dinner came, and went away untouched. Early in the afternoon I walked to the farm-house. I found Mistress Clarke alone, and I was glad and relieved. She was evidently prepared to tell me all I might wish to hear.

"You asked me for Mistress Lucy's true name; it is Gisborne," she began.

"Not Gisborne of Skipford?" I exclaimed, breathless with anticipation.

"The same," said she, quietly, not regarding my manner. "Her father is a man of note; although, being a Roman Catholic, he can not take that rank in this country to which his station entitles him. The consequence is that he lives much abroad—has been a soldier, I am told."

"And Lucy's mother?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I never knew her," said she. "Lucy was about three years old when I was engaged to take charge of her. Her mother was dead."

"But you know her name? you can tell if it was Mary Fitzgerald?"

She looked astonished. "That was her name. But, Sir, how came you to be so well acquainted with it? It was a mystery to the whole household at Skipford Court. She was some beautiful young woman whom he lured away from her protectors while he was abroad. I have heard said he practiced some terrible deceit upon her, and when she came to know it she was neither to have nor to hold, but rushed off from his very arms, and threw herself into a rapid stream, and was drowned. It stung him deep with remorse, but I used to think the remembrance of the mother's cruel death made him love the child yet dearer."

I told her, as briefly as might be, of my researches after the descendant and heir of the Fitzgeralds of Kildoon, and added—something of my old lawyer spirit returning into me for the moment—that I had no doubt but that we should prove Lucy to be of right possessed of large estates in Ireland.

No flush came over her gray face; no light into her eyes. "And what is all the wealth in the whole world to that poor girl?" she said. "It will not free her from the ghastly bewitchment which persecutes her. As for money, what a pitiful thing it is; it can not touch her."

"No more can the Evil Creature harm her," I said. "Her holy nature dwells apart, and can not be defiled or stained by all the devilish arts in the whole world."

"True! but it is a cruel fate to know that all shrink from her, sooner or later, as from one possessed, accursed."

"How came it to pass?" I asked.

"Nay, I know not. Old rumors there are, that were bruited through the household at Skipford."

"Tell me," I demanded.

"They came from servants, who would fain account for every thing. They say that, many years ago, Mr. Gisborne killed a dog belonging to an old witch at Coldholme; that she cursed, with a dreadful and mysterious curse, the creature, whatever it might be, that he should love best; and that it struck so deeply into his heart, that for years he kept himself aloof from any temptation to love aught. But who could help loving Lucy?"

"You never heard the witch's name?" I gasped.

"Yes; they called her Bridget. They said he would never go near the spot again for terror of her. Yet he was a brave man!"

"Listen," said I, taking hold of her arm, the better to arrest her full attention; "if what I suspect holds true, that man stole Bridget's only child—the very Mary Fitzgerald who was Lucy's mother; if so, Bridget cursed him in ignorance of the deeper wrong he had done her. To this hour she yearns after her lost child, and questions the saints whether she be living or not. The roots of that curse lie deeper than she knows: she unwittingly banned him for a deeper guilt than that of killing a dumb beast. The sins of the fathers are, indeed, visited upon the children."

"But," said Mistress Clarke, eagerly, "she would never let evil rest on her own grandchild. Surely, Sir, if what you say be true, there are hopes for Lucy. Let us go—go at once, and tell this fearful woman all that you suspect, and beseech her to take off the spell she has put upon her innocent grandchild."

It seemed to me, indeed, that something like this was the best course we could pursue. But first it was necessary to ascertain more than what mere rumor or careless hearsay could tell. My thoughts turned to my uncle; he could advise me wisely; he ought to know all. I resolved to go to him without delay; but I did not choose to tell Mistress Clarke of all the visionary plans that flitted through my mind. I simply declared my intention of proceeding straight to London on Lucy's affairs. I bade her believe that my interest on the young lady's behalf was greater than ever, and that my whole time should be given up to her cause. I saw that Mistress Clarke distrusted me, because my mind was too full of thoughts for my words to flow freely. She sighed, and shook her head, and said, "Well, it was all right!" in such a tone that it was an implied reproach. But I was firm and constant in my heart, and I took confidence from that.

I rode to London. I rode long days drawn out into the lovely summer nights; I could not rest. I reached London. I told my uncle all, though in the stir of the great city the horror had faded away, and I could hardly imagine that he would believe the tale I told him of the fearful double of Lucy which I had seen on the lonely moor-side. But my uncle had lived many years, and learned many things; and in the deep secrets of family history that had been confided to him, he had heard of cases of innocent people bewitched and taken possession of by evil spirits yet more fearful than Lucy's. For, as he said, to judge from all I told him, that resemblance had no power over her—she was too pure and good to be tainted by its evil, haunting presence. It had, in all probability, so my uncle conceived, tried to suggest wicked thoughts, and to tempt to wicked actions; but she, in her saintly maidenhood, had passed on undefiled by evil thought or deed. It could not touch her soul; but true, it set her apart from all sweet love or common human intercourse. My uncle threw himself, with an energy more like six-and-twenty than sixty, into the consideration of the whole case. He undertook the proving Lucy's descent, and volunteered to go and find out Mr. Gisborne, and obtain, firstly, the legal proofs of Lucy's descent from the Fitzgeralds of Kildoon, and, secondly, he would try to hear all that he could respecting the working of the curse, and whether any, and what means, had been taken to exorcise that terrible appearance. For he told me of instances where, by prayers and long fasting, the evil possessor had been driven forth, with howling and many cries, from the body which it had come to inhabit; he spoke of those strange New England cases which had happened not so long before; of Mr. Defoe, who had written a book, wherein he had named many modes of subduing apparitions, and sending them back whence they came; and, lastly, he spoke low of dreadful ways of compelling witches to undo their witchcraft. But I could not endure to hear of those tortures and burnings. I said that Bridget was rather a wild and savage woman than a malignant witch, and, above all, that Lucy was of her kith and kin; and that in putting her to the trial, by water or by fire, we should be torturing—it might be to the death—the ancestress of her we sought to redeem.

My uncle thought a while, and then said, that in this last matter I was right—at any rate, it should not be tried, with his consent, till all other modes of remedy had failed; and assented to my proposal that I should go myself and see Bridget, and tell her all.

In accordance with this, I went down once more to the wayside inn near Coldholme. It was late at night when I arrived there; and, while I supped, I inquired of the landlord more particulars as to Bridget's ways. Solitary and savage had been her life for many years. Wild and despotic were her words and manner to those few people who came across her path. The country-folk did her imperious bidding, because they feared to disobey. If they pleased her, they prospered; if, on the contrary, they neglected or traversed her behests, misfortunes, small or great, fell on them and theirs. It was not detestation so much as an indefinable terror that she excited.

In the morning I went to see her. She was standing on the green outside her cottage, and received me with the sullen grandeur of a throneless queen. I read in her face that she recognized me, and that I was not unwelcome; but she stood silent till I had opened my errand.

"I have news of your daughter," said I, resolved to speak straight to all that I knew she felt of love, and not to spare her. "She is dead!"

The stern figure scarcely trembled, but her hand sought the support of the door-post.

"I knew that she was dead," said she, deep and low, and then was silent for an instant. "My tears that should have flowed for her were burnt up long years ago. Young man, tell me about her."

"Not yet," said I, having a strange power given me of confronting one, whom, nevertheless, in my secret soul I dreaded.

"You had once a little dog," I continued. The words called out in her more show of emotion than the intelligence of her daughter's death. She broke in upon my speech:

"I had! It was hers—the last thing I had of hers—and it was shot for wantonness! It died in my arms. The man who killed that dog rues it to this day. For that dumb beast's blood, his best-beloved stands accursed."

Her eyes distended as if she were in a trance and saw the working of her curse. Again I spoke:

"Oh woman!" I said, "that best beloved, standing accursed before men, is your dead daughter's child."

The life, the energy, the passion came back to the eyes with which she pierced through me, to see if I spoke truth; then, without another question or word, she threw herself on the ground with fearful vehemence, and clutched at the innocent daisies with convulsed hands.

"Bone of my bone! flesh of my flesh! have I cursed thee—and art thou accursed?"

So she moaned as she lay prostrate in her great agony. I stood aghast at my own work. She did not hear my broken sentences; she asked no more, but the dumb confirmation my sad looks had given of that one fact, that her curse rested on her own daughter's child. The fear grew on me lest she should die in her strife of body and soul; and then would not Lucy remain under the spell as long as she lived?

Even at this moment, I saw Lucy coming through the woodland path that led to Bridget's cottage; Mistress Clarke was with her: I felt at my heart that it was her; by the balmy peace that the look of her sent over me, as she slowly advanced, a glad surprise shining out of her soft quiet eyes. That was as her gaze met mine. As her looks fell on the woman lying stiff, convulsed on the earth, they became full of tender pity; and she came forward to try and lift her up. Seating herself on the turf, she took Bridget's head into her lap; and, with gentle touches, she arranged the disheveled gray hair streaming thick and wild from beneath her mutch.

"God help her," murmured Lucy. "How she suffers!"

At her desire we sought for water; but when we returned Bridget had recovered her wandering senses, and was kneeling with clasped hands before Lucy, gazing at that sweet sad face as though her troubled nature drank in health and peace from every moment's contemplation. A faint tinge on Lucy's pale cheeks showed me that she was aware of our return; otherwise it appeared as if she was conscious of her influence for good over the passionate and troubled woman kneeling before her, and would not willingly avert her grave and loving eyes from that wrinkled and care-worn countenance.

Suddenly—in the twinkling of an eye—the creature appeared, there, behind Lucy; fearfully the same as to outward semblance, but kneeling exactly as Bridget knelt, and clasping her hands in jesting mimicry as Bridget clasped hers in her ecstasy that was deepening into a prayer. Mistress Clarke cried out—Bridget arose slowly, her gaze fixed on the creature beyond: drawing her breath with a hissing sound, never moving her terrible eyes, that were steady as stone, she made a dart at that phantom, and caught, as I had done, a mere handful of empty air. We saw no more of the creature—it vanished as suddenly as it came, but Bridget looked slowly on, as if watching some receding form. Lucy sate still, white, trembling, drooping; I think she would have swooned if I had not been there to uphold her. While I was attending to her, Bridget passed us, without a word to any one, and, entering her cottage, she barred herself in, and left us without.

All our endeavors were now directed to get Lucy back to the house where she had tarried the night before. Mistress Clarke told me that not hearing from me (some letter must have miscarried) she had grown impatient and despairing, and had urged Lucy to the enterprise of coming to seek her grandmother; not telling her, indeed, of the dread reputation she possessed, or how we suspected her of having so fearfully blighted that innocent girl; but at the same time, hoping much from the mysterious stirring of blood, which Mistress Clarke trusted in for the removal of the curse. They had come by a different route from that which I had taken to a village inn not far from Coldholme, only the night before. This was the first interview between ancestress and descendant.

All through the sultry noon I wandered along the tangled wood-paths of the old neglected forest, thinking where to turn for remedy in a matter so complicated and mysterious. Meeting a countryman, I asked my way to the nearest clergyman, and went, hoping to obtain some counsel from him. But he proved to be a coarse and common-minded man, giving no time or attention to the intricacies of a case, but dashing out a strong opinion involving immediate action. For instance, as soon as I named Bridget Fitzgerald he exclaimed:

"The Coldholme witch! the Irish papist! I'd have had her ducked long since but for that other papist, Sir Philip Tempest. He has had to threaten honest folk about here over and over again, or they'd have had her up before the justices for her black doings. And it's the law of the land that witches should be burnt! Ay! and of Scripture, too, Sir! yet you see a papist, if he's a rich squire, can overrule both law and Scripture. I'd carry a fagot myself to rid the country of her!"

Such an one could give me no help. I rather drew back what I had already said; and tried to make the parson forget it by treating him to several pots of beer in the village inn, to which we had adjourned for our conference at his suggestion. I left him as soon as I could, and returned to Coldholme, shaping my way past deserted Starkey Manor House, and coming upon it by the back. At that side where the oblong remains of the old moat, the waters of which lay placid and motionless under the crimson rays of the setting sun; with the forest-trees lying straight along each side, and their deep green foliage mirrored to blackness in the burnished surface of the moat below—and the broken sun-dial at the end nearest the hall—and the heron, standing on one leg at the water's edge, lazily looking down for fish—the lonely and desolate house scarce needed the broken windows, the weeds on the door-sill, the broken shutter softly flapping to and fro in the twilight breeze to fill up the picture of desertion and decay. I lingered about the place until the growing darkness warned me on. And then I passed along the path, cut by the orders of the last lady of Starkey Manor House, that led me to Bridget's cottage. I suddenly resolved to see her; and, in spite of closed doors—it might be of resolved will—she should see me. So I knocked at her door, gently, loudly, fiercely. I shook it so vehemently that at length the old hinges gave way, and with a crash it fell inward, leaving me suddenly face to face with Bridget. I, red, heated, agitated with my so long baffled efforts—she, stiff as any stone, standing right facing me, her eyes dilated with terror, her ashen lips trembling, but her body motionless. In her hands she held her crucifix, as if by that holy symbol she sought to oppose my entrance. At sight of me her whole frame relaxed, and she sank back upon a chair. Some mighty tension had given way. Still her eyes looked fearfully into the gloom of the outer air, made more opaque by the glimmer of the lamp inside, which she had placed before the picture of the Virgin.

"Is she there?" asked Bridget, hoarsely.

"No! Who? I am alone. You remember me."

"Yes," replied she, still terror-stricken; "but she—that creature—has been looking in upon me through that window all the day long. I have closed it up with my shawl, and then I saw her feet below the door as long as it was light, and I knew she heard my very breathing—nay, worse, my very prayers; and I could not pray, for her listening choked the words ere they rose to my lips. Tell me, who is she? what means that double girl I saw this morning? One had a look of my dead Mary; but the other curdled my blood, and yet it was the same!"

She had taken hold of my arm, as if to secure herself some human companionship. She shook all over with the slight, never-ceasing tremor of intense terror. I told her my tale, as I have told it you, sparing none of the details.

How Mistress Clarke had told me that the resemblance had driven Lucy forth from her father's house; how I had disbelieved, until, with mine own eyes, I had seen another Lucy standing behind my Lucy, the same in form and feature, but with the demon-soul looking out of the eyes. I told her all, I say, believing that she, whose curse was working so upon the life of her innocent grandchild, was the only person who could find the remedy and the redemption. When I had done, she sate silent for many minutes.

"You love Mary's child?" she asked.

"I do, in spite of the fearful working of the curse—I love her. Yet I shrink from her ever since that day on the moor-side. And men must shrink from one so accompanied; friends and lovers must stand afar off. Oh, Bridget Fitzgerald! loosen the curse! Set her free!"

"Where is she?"

I eagerly caught at the idea that her presence was needed, in order, by some strange prayer or exorcism, the spell might be reversed.

"I will go and bring her to you," I exclaimed. But Bridget tightened her hold upon my arm.

"Not so," said she, in a low, hoarse voice. "It would kill me to see her again as I saw her this morning. And I must live till I have worked my work. Leave me!" said she, suddenly, and again taking up the cross. "I defy the demon I have called up. Leave me to wrestle with it!"

She stood up as if in an ecstacy of inspiration, from which all fear was banished. I lingered—why, I can hardly tell—until once more she bade me begone. As I went along the forest way I looked back and saw her planting the cross in the empty threshold, where the door had been.

The next morning Lucy and I went to seek her, to bid her join her prayers with ours. The cottage stood open and wide to our gaze. No human being was there; the cross remained on the threshold, but Bridget was gone.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

Poets Painted by each Other.—Walter Savage Landor has just published a spirited letter to R. W. Emerson, apropos to some personal remarks in the "English Traits" of the philosopher of Concord. Discussing modern poets, he says:

> When Hazlitt was in Tuscany he often called on me, and once asked me whether I had ever seen Wordsworth. I answered in the negative, and expressed a wish to know something of his appearance. "Sir," said Hazlitt, "have you ever seen a horse?" "Assuredly." "Then, Sir, you have seen Wordsworth." When I met him some years after at a friend's on the lake of Waswater, I found him extremely civil. There was *equinity* in the lower part of his face: in the upper was much of the contemplative, and no little of the calculating. This induced me, when, at a breakfast where many were present, he said he "would not give five shillings for all Southey's poetry," to tell a friend of his that he might safely make such an investment of his money and throw all his own in.

We may add to the above that a friend who saw Wordsworth at a later period of his life was equally struck with the *animal* character of the poet's face, which (with all due reverence) he says reminded him of "an old gray wolf."

The First Christian Church in the United States.—Captain John Smith gives the following interesting sketch of the earliest state of the infant Church in the original settlement of Virginia:

> When I first went to Virginia, I well remember wee did hang an awning (which is an old saile) to three or foure trees to shadowe us from the Sunne; our walls were rales of wood, our seats unhewed trees, till we cut plankes, our Pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighbouring trees; in foule weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better, and this came by way of adventure for new. This was our Church till wee built a homely thing like a barne, set upon cratchets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth; so was also the walls, that could neither well defend wind nor raine. Yet wee had daily Common Prayer morning and evening, every Sunday two Sermons, and every three moneths the Holy Communion, till our Minister died.

This extract is from a very rare tract (so scarce that we do not know of any copy in this country), entitled "Advertisements for Unexperienced Planters of New England," etc., printed in 1631. The minister referred to was the Rev. Robert Hunt, the first English clergyman who accompanied the colonists of Virginia.

What's in a Name?—Mr. Bentley proposed to establish a periodical publication, to be called *The Wits' Miscellany.* James Smith objected that the title promised too much. Shortly afterward the publisher came to tell him that he had profited by the hint, and resolved on calling it *Bentley's Miscellany.* "Isn't that going a little too far the other way?" was the remark of the author of "Rejected Addresses."

Table Moving and Alphabet Rapping in the Fourth Century.—The following remarkable narration is the confession of a conspirator named Hilarius, who was accused of resorting to unlawful arts for the purpose of discovering who should be the successor to the Roman Emperor Valens, who died A.D. 378. We are told (by Ammianus Marcellinus, a contemporary historian), that, while under torture, he thus addressed his judges:

> With direful rites, oh! august judges, we prepared this unfortunate little table, which you see, of laurel branches, in imitation of the Delphic cortina (or tripod), and when it had been duly consecrated by imprecation of secret charms, and many long and choric ceremonies, we at length moved it. The method of moving it, when it was consulted on secret matters, was as follows: It was placed in the midst of a house purified with Arabian odors; upon it was placed a round dish, made of various metallic substances, which had the twenty-four letters of the alphabet curiously engraved round its rim, at accurately measured distances from each other. One clothed with linen garments, carrying branches of a sacred tree, and having, by charms framed for the purpose, propitiated the deity who is the giver of prescience, places other lesser cortinæ on this larger one, with ceremonial skill. He holds over them a ring which has been subjected to some mysterious preparation, and which is suspended by a very fine Carpathian thread. This ring, passing over the intervals, and falling on one letter after another, spells out heroic verses pertinent to the questions asked. We then thus inquired who should succeed to the government of the empire? The leaping ring had indicated two syllables (The-od), and on the addition of the last letter one of the persons present cried out, Theodorus."

Theodorus, and many others, were executed for their share in this dark transaction (see Gibbon), but Theodosius the Great finally succeeded to the empire, and was, of course, supposed to be the person indicated by the magic rites. The above literal translation is given by the very learned Dr. Maitland (in a little book, lately published, "Essay on False Worship." London, 1856). The original was hardly intelligible, till light had been thrown on it by recent practices, of which we have all heard so much. The coincidence is, to say the least, extraordinary, and opens views which are briefly considered in the above-mentioned work.

Rhode Island: Origin of the Name.—We have all of us "wondered," some time or other, how this miniature State came by its appellation, and what the associative link could be that connected it with an ancient locality whose fame was peculiarly of a *colossal* nature. But in reality this incongruity does not exist, and the name Rhode Island is said to owe its origin to the words "Rood Eylandt" (or Red Island), which some early Dutch navigator applied to the country, on account of the redness of the foliage in autumn, when its wooded shores first greeted his anxious eyes.

Landor and Alfieri.—The stirring events of the last fifty years have divided us so completely from the past century, that the following account of an interview by a living author (Walter Savage Landor), with a great man who died in 1803, scarcely reads like the words of one yet in the vigor of his intellect:

> I think oftener with Alfieri than with any other writer, and quite agree with him that "Italy and England are the only countries worth living in." The only time I ever saw Alfieri, was just before he left this country forever. I accompanied my Italian master to a bookseller's, to order the works of Alfieri and Metastasio, and was enthusiastic, as most young men were, about the French Revolution. "Sir," said Alfieri, "you are a very young man; you are yet to learn that nothing good ever came out of France, or ever will. The ferocious monsters are about to devour one another; and they can do nothing better. They have always been the curse of Italy; yet we too have fools among us who trust them." Such were the expressions of the most classical and animated poet existing in the present or past century, of him who could at once be a true patriot and a true gentleman. There was nothing of the ruffianly in his vigor; nothing of the vulgar in his resentment; he could scorn without a scoff; he could deride without a grimace.—*Landor's Letter to R. W. Emerson.*

The First Edition of Hamlet.—A great Shakspearian curiosity has lately been discovered, which is now giving rise to prolonged comments in the English literary journals. All Shakspeare students who have entered, however slightly, into the discussions connected with the text, etc., of their author, are aware of the sensation created in 1825 by the appearance of a contemporary edition of Hamlet, one year earlier than any known edition, and exhibiting the most remarkable discrepancies from the received text. Its date was 1603, it was perfect, all but the last leaf, and it had been preserved in a volume of 4to. plays formerly in the possession of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Shakspearian editor; and at the time of its discovery was still in the library of his descendant, Sir Henry Bunbury. Messrs. Payne and Foss, the well-known booksellers, gave for the volume £180, and re-sold it to the Duke of Devonshire for £250, by whom it was placed (where it now remains) among the famous "Kemble Collection of Plays," the chief literary ornament of Devonshire House. A small edition of a *fac-simile* reprint was thrown off by Messrs. Payne and Foss, which allowed American scholars and others an opportunity of judging for themselves this remarkable dramatic curiosity, and in the editions of Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson the whole subject is considered, the true position of the 1603 edition remaining one of the most puzzling questions of the kind. The matter has met with a sudden revival in London, caused by the apparition of a Dublin bookseller with a copy of the identical 4to. of 1603 in his hand, wanting the *first* leaf, but containing the *last* leaf, which was deficient in the only copy previously known to exist. An amusing little history might be given of "Mr. Rooney's" adventures in London. Incredulity was the prevalent feeling he was greeted with, and his Irish impetuosity being no match for the wary dealers in these kinds of rarities, he sold his Hamlet in a hurry to Mr. Halliwell for £70, and retires from the scene an injured man, as every one now tells him they would gladly have given £100 for it. Still, as rumor says, it cost him but *one shilling* sterling, he has not much cause for complaint. Mr. Halliwell has printed a copy of the invaluable and unique leaf, which we subjoin:

Prince of Denmark.

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.
enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.
Fort. Where is this bloudy sight?
Hor. If aught of woe, or wonder, you'ld behold,
Then looke vpon this tragicke Spectacle.
Fort. O Imperious death! how many Princes,
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? [*gland,*
Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from *En-*
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country!
Hor. Content yourselves. Ile shew to all the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy.
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the state of the World be there,
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.
Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this Kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:
Let foure of our chiefest Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue;
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd most royall:
Take vp the bodie; such a sight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.
Finis.

A comparison with any common edition will show how wide is the difference of the text. Mr. Halliwell considers it "of greater importance than he had fancied possible, before he took a copy and examined it." We have not room for a statement of the details, but may mention briefly, that the interest turns upon the bearing which some of the new readings in this leaf have upon the actual character of this edition of Hamlet. Mr. Collier supposes it to be a garbled, imperfect version made up from short-hand notes taken at the theatre, in order that a printed copy of so popular a performance might be prepared for sale with the least possible delay. In Mr. Halliwell's opinion, "we possess in the edition of 1603 (though it may be in a corrupt form) the tragedy as originally composed by the great dramatist." Both gentlemen are preparing editions of Shakspeare, so that we may expect a full dissection of the subject.

Original Letter of Thomas Campbell.—The rich collection of autographs of a gentleman of Brooklyn supplies us with the following letter of Campbell the poet, which we copy from the original now before us. It is too straightforward and characteristic to need comment:

"Middle Scotland Yard, *June* 16.

"My Dear Sir,—I thank you for your prompt kindness in offering to repel this calumny, but I have just sent a note to the *Times* which I dare say will be inserted. What a damned world we live in, and how easy it is for the most innocent to be accused—not without some danger of false condemnation. But luckily *the Exile of Erin,* a brave and excellent man as ever lived, is alive still to prove that I showed him the lines which I wrote. I may say on his circumstances which were then forlorn, but which are now flourishing, the lines which I showed to him almost immediately on finishing them. They were printed very soon afterward in London, with my name attached to them, so that the assertion of Reynolds having sung them as his own for years before I published them must be an impossibility and a downright falsehood. I should tell you more about the Exile of Erin; but he wishes to return from Altona *to his native isle,* and it might injure him to draw any publicity on the patriotic part of his life, for he was one of the best fighters in the unfortunate rising of 1788. Begging my best respects to your amiable,

"I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

"T. Campbell.

"G. Patmore, Esq., 56 *Frith Street, Soho.*"

There is no date of the year. Mr. Patmore, whose "Literary Reminiscences" were lately published, was all his life connected with the public press, and was the father of the young poet Coventry Patmore, whose "Angel in the House," "Betrothal," etc., have so many readers and admirers among us.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

In Belgium, female extravagance has advanced to such a height that young men are afraid to form matrimonial alliances; and mothers have been holding meetings to consult upon the measures best fitted to remedy both the evils.

The mother of the Rothschilds lived at Frankfort, and was taken sick at 98 years of age. She said she was sure to live to 100, as nothing belonging to the house of Rothschild must go *below par. She* did, however, for she died at 99½.

Mrs. Dawdle says that one of her boys don't know nothing, and another does. The question is, which knows the most?

"You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, rather," was the reply, "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

Many of the tradesmen at this season of the year are sending out brief missives, the spirit of which is in these lines:

To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,
I beg you will pay what is due;
If you do, you'll oblige me at present,
If you don't, then I'll oblige you.

Fontenelle was ninety-eight years of age when a young lady asked him at what period of life men lose all taste for gallantry? "Indeed," replied the old gentleman, "you must ask that question of some one older than myself."

Goldsmith writes:

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every *rood* of ground maintained its man.

By this rule each acre of land could be made to sustain four persons. When the United States come to that, Uncle Sam's farm will sustain a pretty large family. How many?

If a great man saith any thing only moderately smart, it goeth a great way. It was thought a good joke when Talleyrand predicted that the British Ministry would not last long, as it was already *Grey.*

Ben Jonson's wit never failed him. Invited to dine at Falcon Tavern, where he was already deeply in debt, the landlord promised to wipe out the score, if he would tell him what God, and the devil, and the world, and the landlord himself, would be best pleased with. To which the ready poet at once replied:

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;
The devil is best pleased when they persist therein;
The world is best pleased when thou dost sell good wine;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.

To catch a night-*mare,* take a mince-pie just before going to bed, eat it, wash it down with a pint of brown stout; swallow a lot of chicken salad and some cold lobster, if you can find it; jump into bed, lie flat on your back, and in half an hour you will dream that a horse is sitting on your lap, with Bunker Hill monument on his back.

Lord Chatham said, "I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed, and on the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing.'"

Truth and wit are both to be found in this couplet by the well-known bibliographer, William Oldys:

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD IS worth a dozen new.

Boston "notions" must be multiplying enormously, for the papers say that there are manufactures in the immediate vicinity of that city to the extent of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually.

The same papers say that the police of Boston are acquainted with nearly one hundred gambling-houses, and do not try to break them up.

A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied, "I will bring him what gold can not purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain—the inheritance from parents who had these, and nothing else, to leave me."

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest luxury is health; the greatest comfort is sleep; and the best medicine is a true friend.

Shakspeare said, "We must follow Providence, not force it." But the most of earnest men are not willing to wait for time and tide, though these wait for no man.

How idle it is to call certain things *godsends!* as if there were any thing else in the world.

A gourmand, sick at last, sent for the doctor. "I have lost my appetite," said he, in great alarm. "It's not of the slightest consequence," said the doctor; "you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

The Arabs have a proverb, "The moment a man is satisfied with himself, every body else is dissatisfied with him."

The men "after God's own heart" are only so for a time and mission. Every good one is a man after God's own heart, for the work he has to do.

The fire-fly only shines when on the wing. So is it with the mind; when once we rest we darken.

Father Taylor, of the Boston Seaman's Chapel, furnishes as many good things for the papers as any other man. The other Sunday, in the midst of his sermon, he called an old salt to order, who was walking out of meeting. "Ay, ay, Sir," responded Jack, "I'll be back in the twinkling of a marling-spike; I've only got to get my grog."

"Buy Bulwer's last work," said a sharp newsboy, the other day, to a gentleman on the ferry-boat. "No," said the man; "I'm Bulwer himself." "Well, buy the 'Women of England,' Sir; you're not *Mrs. Ellis, are you?*"

Avarice lodged in the soul is usually the last vice that capitulates to religion.

The Queen's reply to Captain Hartstein's speech is likely to take rank among the laconics of all time. The honest Captain spoke like a man in behalf of his country; and the Queen answered and said unto him, "*I thank you, Sir.*" The English papers say her feelings were too big for utterance.

The paved streets of London are more than five thousand in number, and exceed two thousand miles in length. About three hundred of them are duplicated in names, an evil which is about to be remedied.

They flogged a woman to death in Texas a few days ago, because she was suspected of being a witch. *Moral insanity* was the cause of the crime on the part of the murderers of the innocent victim.

"I rise for information," said a member of Congress. "I am very glad to hear it," cried one sitting by, "for no one needs it more."